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THE SPHERE, AUGUST 5, 1933
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Vol. CXXXIV, No. 1750

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AUGUST 5 1933

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THE SPHERE

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, August 5, 1933

WALKING OFF WITH THE DAVIS CUP

F. J. Perry Leaving the Court in Triumph After His Great Victory Over Cochet in the Key Match of the Davis Cup Challenge Round

Some magnificent tennis from the British team and a gallant effort on the part of France to retain the title she had held for six years, resulted in three days of thrilling play at the Stade Roland Garros, Auteuil, and a well deserved but narrow victory for Britain in the Challenge Round of the Davis Cup. Except on the first day, when the young French player, Merlin, succumbed to Austin in three straight sets, both teams were at the top of their form, and the matches were played throughout in the real spirit of the game. Perry, who is seen above after his victory over Cochet, was clearly the outstanding player on either side, his brilliance in pressing home an advantage, and steadiness in moments of crisis, revealing him as the possessor of both the brains and temperament for the big occasion. His five set struggle with Cochet on Friday was the closest and most vital of the series, but his final victory over an inspired Merlin by 4–6, 8–6, 6–2, 7–5, provided a crowd of 15,000 with a succession of thrills that will be remembered for many a day. Although the young Frenchman gained an early lead, Perry's consistency eventually triumphed and brought the Cup back to Britain after an absence of twenty-one years

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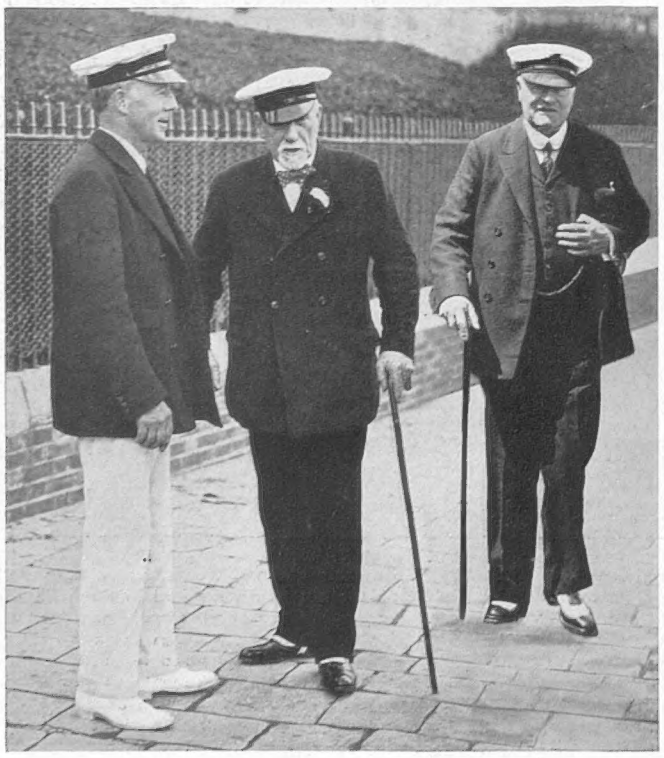
A LONDON NEW

ROYALTY GRACES COWES: The King and Queen and the Duchess of York leaving the Royal yacht, *Victoria and Albert*. On Regatta Sunday the Royal party landed at East Cowes, and in the afternoon drove inland to Osborne and Carisbrooke

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, August 2, 1933.

LADYBIRD, LADYBIRD . . .

—The Westminster covey has scattered in its turn. The old cock (by which I designate the Premier, meaning no impertinence but for the sake of my metaphor) has taken flight for the stubbles of Lossiemouth where he was raised. He will dust himself in the sandy bunkers on the links and forget the barren fields of South Kensington and the birds of prey which swoop by night at Westminster. Mr. Runciman answers an hereditary call to the sea and is at Cowes. Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Hailsham are off to the Highlands a-chasing the deer, grouse, and salmon. (Only the deer come last.) Sir Samuel returns to his native Norfolk. Mr. Baldwin will celebrate (August 3) his sixty-sixth birthday among his native Vigornenses. Constituents and business engagements will provide a busman's holiday for the First Lord and the Secretary for Scotland, the last of whom will inspect his cure of souls "fra' Maidenkirk to John o' Groats." Sir Herbert Samuel is off to Canada, and a bunch of M.P.s are going to Sweden and another to Central Europe in an endeavour to see the trees in spite of the wood. Mr. George remains at Churt for harvest, as a good farmer should. London waves them all farewell and returns to its sultry tasks without any increase of depression.



PERSONALITIES AT COWES: Lord Runciman, octogenarian shipowner and yachting enthusiast; his son, the Right Hon. Walter Runciman, President of the Board of Trade, and Sir Richard Williams-Bulkeley, Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron

A BRILLIANT FAREWELL: The Eton College buildings were floodlit for the first time master, entertained the school to a unique and brilliant spectacle. A company of Tower and the Chapel were lit up for the first time. Later in the evening the distant organ, sang the Eton Boating Song a

LORD TRENCHARD AND MOTORISTS.

—I feel no sympathy for the squeal of the A.A. against Lord Trenchard's declaration that private car drivers are growing more careless, more selfish and more inept, and are a prime cause of the increase in road accidents revealed with the quarterly report. Nobody who drives along the roads can doubt the truth of Lord Trenchard's statements, and it would be to the ultimate advantage of the A.A. to give up whitewashing and to concentrate on educating its huge clientèle. Road discipline grows steadily worse; neglect of the white line, cutting-in, scorching over cross-roads, neglect of signals, and careless parking are crimes of the road which constantly increase. The real answer to Lord Trenchard's criticism is not a denial, but the argument that the remedy lies with the police who have failed entirely—through inability to find the means or failure to organize it—to take it. The recklessness and selfishness of private drivers and the drivers of public and heavy vehicles will continue to increase until Lord Trenchard and all other responsible police authorities have combined to organize a month's intensive campaign to teach motorists a lesson. It would imply employing the specials and releasing every available regular for road duty for a definite, unadvertised period.

THE WRONG LINE.

—If my memory serves, it is not the first time that a Home Secretary has taken the wrong line in answering in the House a question involving the action of the police towards an innocent citizen. All Home Secretaries discover (if their job lasts long enough) that in such cases the "official" attitude of *haut-en-bas*, of admitting no fault, of refusing ample apology or investigation, simply will not do. Always such an attitude is as a red rag to John Bull. And Sir John Gilmour learned his lesson. He has discovered that when the British Public occasionally twit the C.I.D. with shutting the stable door after the horses are stolen, and the police with putting in an appearance when the crime is committed and the criminal safely away, it does not mean that it will not rend the police authorities if any attempt at prevention of crime involves an innocent man. That is indeed the risk every policeman must take. If his net is empty or if any fish but a shark is found in it, he is for the pillory. My sympathies are with him. His lot is not a happy one in these days when plain clothes preventive work is absolutely vital, and when at the same time the public is officially warned to beware of bandits stepping out of motor cars. In the Fitzpatrick case the detectives appear to have acted beyond their brief in withholding from their victim the means of verifying their claim to be police officers. But the real cause of irritation was Sir John's first attitude. Concern and humility are the only cards for a Home Secretary to play in such cases, which must inevitably occur, since detection is nervous work and tempers are short in the morning. Any other attitude in the House the public will not stand. Sir John has no doubt learned his lesson, and will in future play his cards according to the book rules.

THE ONLY WAY.

—It would mean an organized and effective patrol of every "speeding" stretch to catch the public vehicles breaking the speed regulations, to watch the white-line bends, notorious for road crimes, so that every plague spot on the trunk roads to the capital shall experience a "clean up" of at least a week's duration, and it would follow that every motorist held up would undergo a searching examination in respect of licence, insurance certificate, etc. The magistrates would be warned of the impending drive and would shoulder the enormous burden of work, determined not to skimp the penalties in the sure belief that the lesson would bear fruit. Nothing of the sort has hitherto been

SLETTER

attempted. I can think of half-a-dozen white-line bends which I negotiate hundreds of times every year, beside which I have never yet seen a police officer nor ever failed to note the commission of a crime. Lord Trenchard is right in his contention, but he appears quite unaware that the remedy is in his hands and in those of his provincial brother commissioners and chief constables. No other road patrols but the police have any authority to enforce the law, and as a result of the failure of the police on the roads the traffic regulations of the day are a travesty and an expensive joke.

VALE!—All great headmasters experience a wave of unpopularity at the start and a furore of enthusiasm at the end of their careers as headmaster. The Dean of Durham was no exception. Time was when queer nicknames were attached to him and his reforms were detested; but for one who held the post longer than is generally fitting (party leaders, butlers, headmasters, and other dictators should never be allowed to dig in too deep), Dr. Alington has been well liked. It was fitting that he should go out in a blaze of limelight. Eton's Heads are peculiarly vulnerable to the spotlight and make news-pars on the smallest provocation, and Dr. Alington, besides, was himself a popular journalist, a snappy article writer, and a coiner of witty trifles. So the limelight played on him without embarrassing him. He is quite familiar with the fickle rays, and probably is well aware of their value and limitations. Eton's old buildings were in different case. They had never before known such magic moonlight, and it is safe to say that lovely as those old stone and brick buildings are in sunshine, in mist and in moonlight, they never showed up so superbly and so romantically as on the night of July 26, 1933, when the long reign of King Cyril ended to the singing of the old school songs.

THE OXFORD MOVEMENT.—The Oxford Movement Centenary celebrations were not edifying, in my poor view. They indeed evoked far bitterer controversy and revealed the existence of far broader rifts and more jagged edges within the Church than ever the revolution in our tariff policy revealed in political life. And in my experience as a journalist, religious questions to-day evoke far fiercer, far less charitable and restrained criticism than political. If as a journalist you are "seeking trouble," uphold the views of one sect of churchmen, and, depend on't, you will get vitriol to wallow in from the opposite camp. For sheer, juggernaut, bald-headed, acidulated hate, commend me to the fanatical sectarian rending the creed of his Christian brother of the other camp. Then indeed, on a matter of ritual, on a hair-splitting of words, the Christian tenets are thrown to the winds, and the gospel of brotherly love and fellowship, of understanding and forgiveness, flies out of the window, and the Christian brothers grip each other's throats with tooth and nail. The spirit dieth, and the letter keepeth alive. It is all rather hard on the good and great men whose names are bound up with the Oxford Movement, but how often the bones of the saints have become bones of contention in a dog fight.

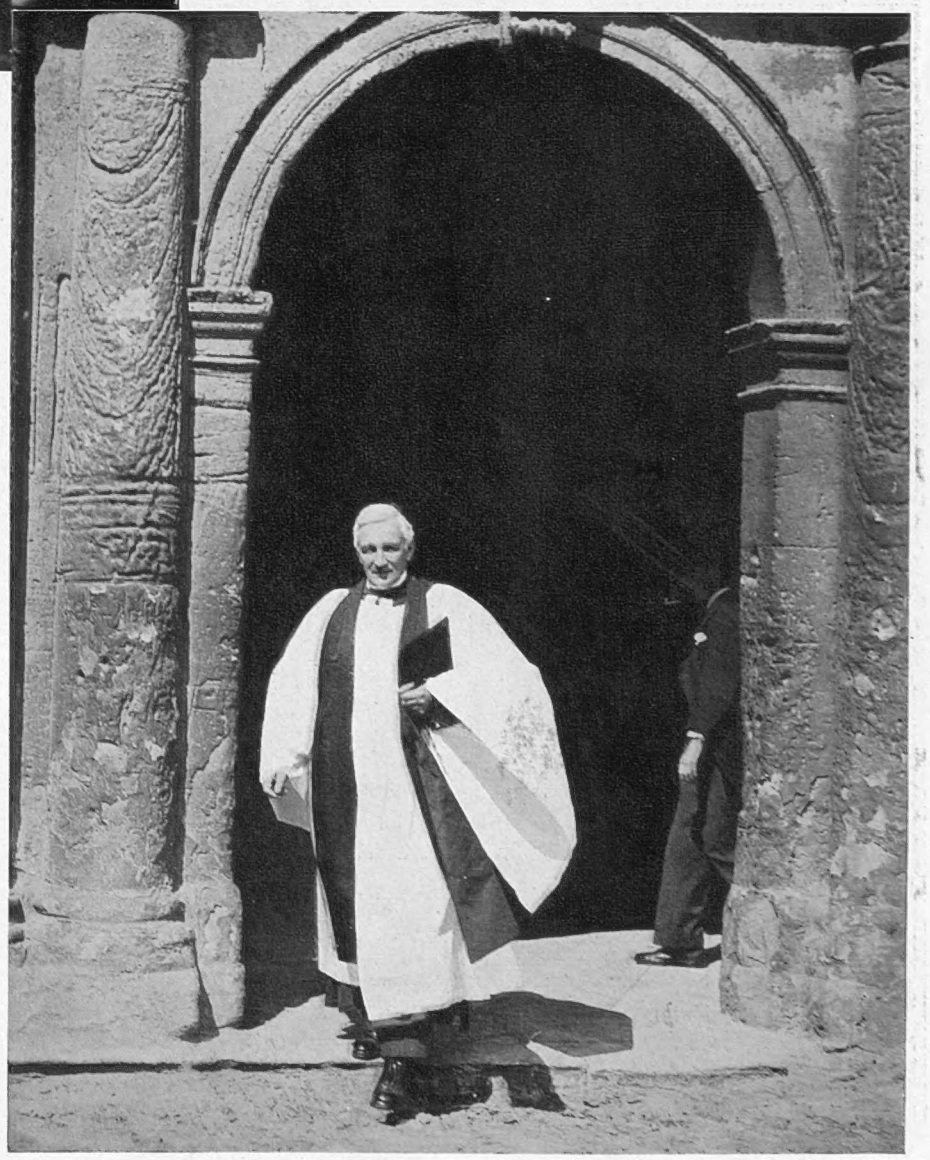
PETROL FROM COAL.—Rome was not built in a day, but Remus would look a fool if he could see it to-day. In the matter of the Government's proposals for setting on foot constructive plans for perfecting petrol production from coal, the Labour Opposition played the part of Remus. Britain's once greatest industry has fallen back to mud-wall conditions; never since the century began has home production of coal fallen so low, nor unemployment in the industry been worse. Petrol is the life blood of communications and transport in war and peace, and we have had bitter experience of a total dependence on foreign and overseas supplies of this commodity. It has cost us dear in money and prestige and anxiety. The use of coal as coal can never again revive the industry. The world marches on in step with progress and forms new habits which kill the old. Immense research has already been undertaken by private endeavour, but the possibilities of grand scale production of petrol from coal are still undetermined. Yet faith burns bright, and private endeavour is prepared to shoulder all the labour and more than half the financial risk of perfecting the plans to constructive realization. It is small wonder, therefore, that the Government jumps at the chance afforded of securing a national boon at so small a risk to the taxpayer. In these circumstances it is not surprising if the public felt a peculiar contempt for the sneers and destructive criticism of the Opposition, and whole-heartedly endorsed the Government's decisions while wishing the best of luck to the further progress of the scheme.

THE OLD STAGER

on Wednesday of last week when Dr. Alington, the retiring head- over a thousand was gathered in the school yard when Lupton's school stood round the chapel steps and, to the notes of the the Headmaster's Hymn to the Founder

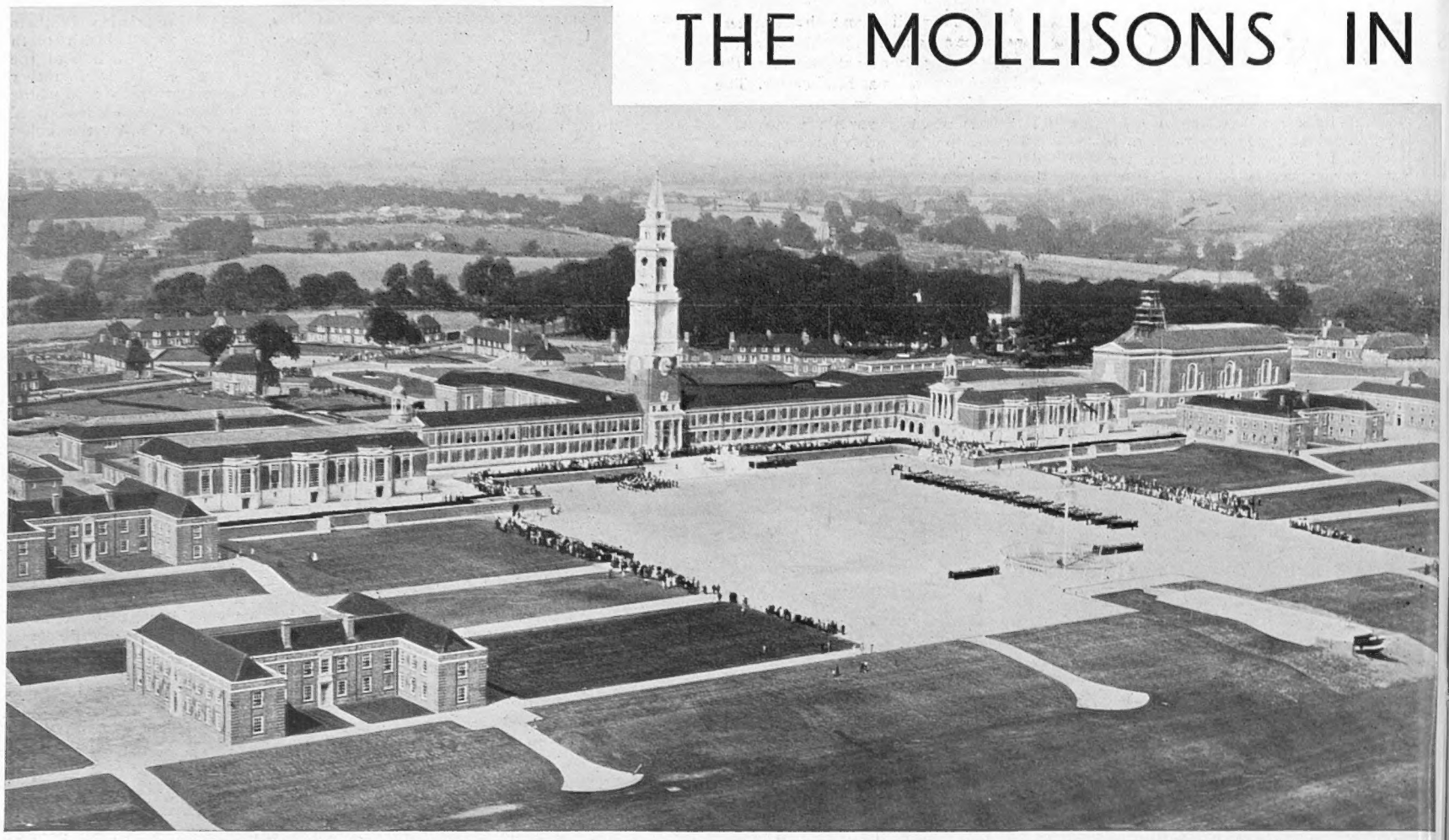
THE KING AND QUEEN AT COWES.—The King and Queen had a wonderful start for their sea holiday. The Solent is subject to sudden and unhappy attacks of sea-wrack which often drifts from Portland and will in a few minutes obscure the dazzling white of the Needles, hide the blue sky, and drive along the narrow channel to Cowes. But the Solent was on its good behaviour to receive their Majesties and kept its worst till later on. The Squadron lawns were at their gayest when the King and Queen landed and all the habitués of the well-loved yachting festival were faithful to the tryst. The Commodore is Sir Richard Williams-Bulkeley, a yachtsman from boyhood who succeeded the late Lord Ormonde. He has been Lord Lieutenant of Anglesea for forty years and knows every tide and shoal in Menai Straits, Mersey, and the Solent. The racing shows that a knowledge of those shoals is very necessary. Another habitué of Cowes is Lord Mottistone, whose title betrays him as one of the Isle of Wight's best known residents—General Jack Seely of Mottistone Manor, Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire, soldier, politician, lifeboatman, yachtsman, and writer. There is not much he does not know by experience of storms and blue days on the narrow seas between Hurst Castle and Spithead. But perhaps the most experienced of all the faithful is a woman, Marquise d'Hautpoul. She was born a Stonor and, since the days when King Edward made Cowes a furore of Fashion and the Kaiser made it a cause of international anxiety, she has seldom failed to grace the Squadron lawns and to join the Royal yacht as a guest.

EINSTEIN FOR BRITAIN.—Commander Locker-Lampson, Einstein's English host, is (so it's said) to introduce a bill to permit citizenship in Palestine to Jews dispossessed elsewhere. He feels that in the case of so distinguished a Jew as Einstein a shorter cut to British citizenship is requisite and he has made representations to the Home Secretary. Professor Einstein unquestionably fits the bill for naturalization. Apart from his unique distinction, he is "of good character"; he "has the English," to a reasonable extent; he presumably intends to live in the Empire or serve it; and to "take the oath of allegiance." The last clause I presume



DR. CYRIL ALINGTON arriving at the College Chapel to preach his last sermon as Headmaster of Eton; a position he has held since 1916

THE MOLLISONS IN



THE NEW HOME OF THE ROYAL HOSPITAL SCHOOL: An aerial view of the magnificent buildings at Holbrook, Suffolk, which take the place of the historic but cramped accommodation which served the school for more than two centuries at Greenwich. The 850 acres of grounds, which slope down to the banks of the Stour, were at one time the family estate of the donor, Mr. G. S. Reade of New Zealand

THE MOLLISONS' WRECKED 'PLANE IN THE MARSHES BEYOND BRIDGEPORT AERODROME, CONNECTICUT: One of the first pictures from America taken the morning after disaster overtook the ill-fated *Seafarer*. A confusing ground fog, which obscured the runway, and conflicting lights from the aerodrome resulted in the Mollisons misjudging the direction of the wind and somersaulting into the marshland beyond the boundary fence. The machine is stated to be damaged beyond repair, and parts of it have now been dismantled for shipment home to England. If the tide had been in at Bridgeport at the time of the accident the Mollisons would probably have met with worse disaster

NEW YORK and Other Matters

THE BEGINNING AND END OF AN ATLANTIC RECORD ATTEMPT: Bad luck has continued to dog Flight Lieutenant Ulm and his companion round-the-world fliers. When about to start out from Portmarnock Strand, Dublin, on an Atlantic crossing the undercarriage of their 'plane collapsed and pinned several spectators beneath the wings. The machine, *Faith in Australia*, is seen above almost covered by the incoming tide

JOURNEY'S END: Jim Mollison being carried from the *Seafarer* after the accident at Bridgeport. The couple were conveyed to the waiting ambulance on a section of one of the shattered wings of their 'plane

MRS. MOLLISON, with one arm and both feet bandaged, arriving in a wheeled chair at the Hotel Plaza, New York, where she and her husband rested while recovering from their injuries and from the shock of their disastrous landing at Bridgeport

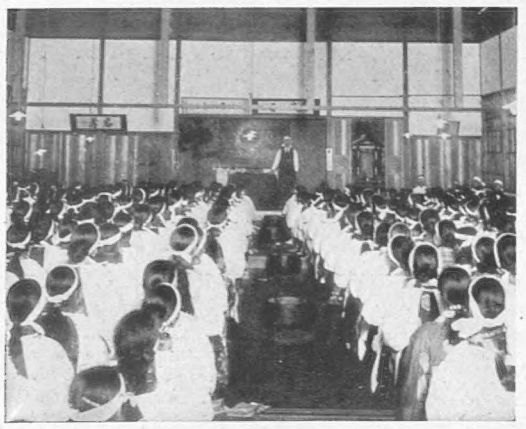
THE FLYING ADVENTURERS STRUGGLE ON TO NEW YORK IN SPITE OF INJURIES: Jim and Amy Mollison leaving Bridgeport Hospital for the aerodrome where they boarded an amphibian 'plane late on the afternoon after their disaster, and were flown to the Floyd Bennett Flying Field, New York. Three nurses and two doctors accompanied the couple on this twenty minutes' flight

JAPAN'S IN COMPETITION

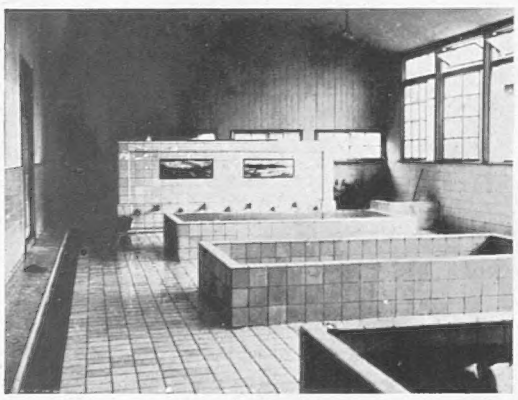
The Dormitory System and other ditions in a Land where Long by a "Sphere" Corr

By R. V. C.

RECREATION ROOM IN A JAPANESE SPINNING FACTORY: A big window looks out on trees surrounding the factory. The tables are all for ping-pong. Posters decorate the walls



ATTENDING A LECTURE ON MORAL SUBJECTS: The Japanese girl factory hands are listening to an address from a dais decorated in typical Japanese fashion



BATHROOM FOR FACTORY HANDS: This picture was obtained at the Kameido Mills. The bath-rooms are all of up-to-date design

POLISHING THE DORMITORY WOODWORK: Everything in Japan is kept clean and the dormitories attached to the factories are no exceptions

There is a belief among people who have not studied conditions of living in Japan that the reason why the Japanese are able to sell their goods cheaper than the average manufacturer in other parts of the world is because they have a system of sweating, if not of actual forced labour. Any denial of this erroneous idea is usually contradicted with an assertion that it is merely an evasion of the point; in other words, that what in Europe or America would be classified as sweating is regarded by the employer and government in Japan as a normal daily or monthly task.

Now while it is difficult to argue with this method of reasoning I shall endeavour to explain how in actual fact this allegation is groundless. The Japanese who work for their living earn wages and salaries at which foreign artisans or clerks would scoff; their daily hours behind the loom or the counter would cause unions to proclaim unending strikes; the amount of food they eat might be considered the proper rations for canaries; their mode of living would be regarded as lacking in comfort; but no one will pause for a moment and reflect that the Japanese are the Japanese who have different upbringings to the people of the West.

In Japan long working hours are normal; the man or woman may be a skilled or unskilled labourer, a clerk or a lawyer, a military officer or a professor, it makes no difference. A task lasts as long as the time required to complete it, and to remain at it until it is finished is treated as a matter of course.

Rents, food, clothes, railway fares, amusements are all incredibly cheap, so that wages and salaries suffice to pay for all requirements. The Japanese meal, which is thought to be unappetising and inadequate, is in reality much more reasonable than the meat-laden repast which many foreigners eat from force of habit. Neither is it true that the Japanese live squalidly or uncomfortably, and if they squat at their meals and sleep on the floor it is because they prefer to do so. The average house in Japan is certainly cleaner than in other parts of the world and the number of baths taken daily is greatly in excess of those of the lower and middle classes in Europe. This simplicity of living does not, moreover, apply only to the poorer people; the upper classes are just as frugal, just as hard working, just as clean.

I was discussing this subject one day with a wealthy man who holds an important position in the commercial world of Tokio. His household, in addition to himself, consists of his wife, three children, three indoor servants, and a chauffeur, and his monthly bill for the best rice procurable, which is one of the principal ingredients of Japanese meals, does not exceed yen 15 or about £1! The cost of living for a labourer is difficult to estimate accurately, but after going into the matter it would appear that a married couple in humble circumstances with two or three children could live and lodge in comfort for yen 95 a month, and quite decently for less.

Foreign investigators and statisticians do not apparently find it necessary to delve into the wage question deeper than as it concerns the manual labourer, and in consequence see the real conditions of life out of focus; if they did make a few inquiries they would discover that in matters of salaries in Japan all is proportionate and that these hours of work do not apply to one class of person only.

Early closing is practically unknown in Japan, as is also the observance of Sunday as a holiday. Some of the bigger firms, it is true, do no business over the week-end, while some of the department stores have instituted a three days rest each month, but the small privately owned shops usually open when it is light and do not close until all possible customers have gone to bed, winter and summer alike.

When I was in Manchukuo I noticed that the staff officers at the Kwantung Army Headquarters made not the least difference in their official routine on Sundays or days of the week. A friend of mine in the Japanese Army returned the other day to Tokio from a military appointment abroad which he had held for some years, but it never entered his head to ask for leave to go to his home; the day after disembarking he was at his desk at the War Office! Some months later he was granted a week's holiday to visit his parents and accepted it as a favour! The same officer told me that he had a relative who held an important position in a big factory who had two Sundays "off" each month and ten days' leave each year. One can go to the Foreign Office in Tokio at any hour of the day and find its personnel at their tables; even at lunch time they remain on duty, eating sandwiches hastily, while some of the bolder members slip out for a cup of coffee!

At none of the big Tokio newspaper offices, which I regularly visit, have I ever found an editor or sub-editor absent except on duty, while the professors at schools and universities work for unbroken spells of seven hours daily, after which they often take extra lessons. Neither do these men receive salaries larger in proportion to those of manual labourers. A Japanese colonel is paid under yen 400 a month, a professor is lucky if he gets yen 200; the salaries of Government civil servants are ridiculously small. I was once talking to a clerk in the South Sea Islands administration, not a man in a high executive position, but still one who had been through school and university, spoke fluent English, and was married, who told me proudly that he was receiving yen 110 monthly, for which wage he had to live in a bad tropical climate and often work after dinner and late into the evening.

A JAPANESE FACTORY DINING-HALL: The dining-rooms are plain to severity but have pleasing lines. Fly-nets have been placed over the food for the coming meal. The girls sit on forms at raised tables

DUSTRIAL with the WORLD

Wage and Work Hour Conditions Normal, Explained

Hours are Normal, Explained

spondent now in Tokio

BODLEY

CORNER OF A DORMITORY IN THE NISSHIN BASEKI COTTON-SPINNING FACTORY: Each occupant is entitled to a floor space of two tatami (mats) as seen in the picture. The futon (Japanese bedding) is kept in the cupboard during the day

The wages, therefore, of factory hands which suggest starvation to people accustomed to pay-rolls in Britain and the U.S.A. are not in reality disproportionately lower than what the same class of persons receive in Western countries. It is impossible to lay down exactly what an employee in the textile industries receives, but the following table gives an idea of the average wage per day:

	Men	Women
Cotton spinning	- yen 1.50	sen 80 to yen 1
Silk weaving	- yen 1.30	sen 70 to sen 80
Wool weaving	- yen 2.0	yen 1

Apprentices in the various industries receive during their two years period of training sen 15 a day, and are fed and lodged free of charge.

The male workers who cannot find accommodation in the precincts of the factory (many of the companies supply dormitories for their younger men, and houses at nominal rents for those with families) are paid 2 yen a month towards lodging. All the hands, male and female, can feed in the factory restaurants at a cost of 12 sen a day. The food supplied is, moreover, adequate and nourishing, the factory owners paying as much again out of the company's funds; i.e. if the price of food goes up or down the charge for the factory hand remains the same, the company making up the difference. By this system wages have always been kept at the same level, for when after the War the cost of living rose the work-people's pay was not increased, but the factory spent more on food, etc., so that when the cost of living fell there was no question of cuts in salaries such as those which caused such discontent in England and America.

The hours of work in factories vary from 9½ hours a day in cotton spinneries, where the work is done in two shifts, to just over 11 hours in other concerns, out of which half-an-hour to an hour's break is allowed for the mid-day meal. Some companies grant four days' rest during the month in addition to national holidays, but without pay.

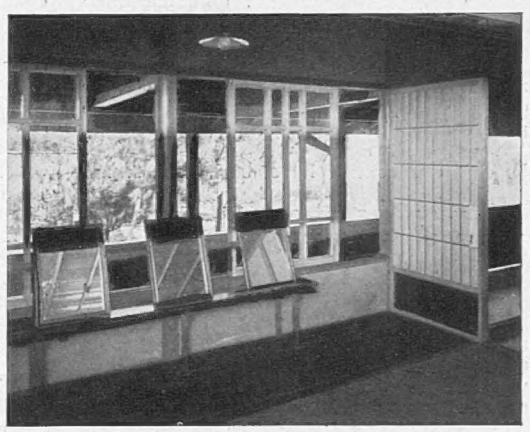
Factory hands who resign after a given period are entitled to bonuses which vary from yen 100 to yen 1000, and during the period of their employment are entitled to medical attendance for themselves and their families at nominal rates, and free if the injury is contracted through anything to do with their work.

Eighty per cent of the factory hands in Japan are girls who go to work for a period of three or four years in order to save enough money to marry. These girls, with a very few exceptions, are lodged free in dormitories attached to the factories.

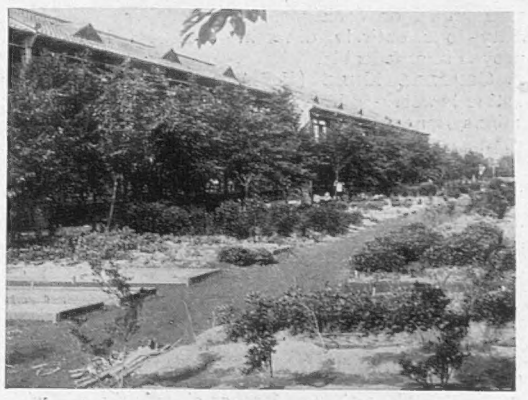
The dormitories are in large, airy buildings standing within their own compounds, furnished "à la Japonaise," *i.e.*, with "tatami" on the floor, and the "futons," consisting of mattress, quilt, pillow and sheets. Regulations order futons to be aired and sheets to be washed at regular intervals. The rooms, which usually accommodate sixteen, have to have a minimum height of seven feet, while each occupant is entitled to a floor space of two mats, or six feet by six feet. The same sleeping room cannot be shared by two or more groups of workers whose hours of retiring differ owing to shifts. The ventilation is adequately controlled by sliding "shoji," the use of a common towel is prohibited and so on, regulations as to hygiene being posted on the walls. Spacious tiled bathrooms, with an ample supply of hot and cold water adjoin the dormitories and, as in all dwellings of Japanese, the rooms and corridors glisten from much scrubbing and sweeping, while the girls look as if long periods of the day were set aside for personal polishing. The dining-rooms as well as the kitchens have tiled floors, the former being usually furnished with wooden benches and tables, though in some cases the workers eat in the old-fashioned manner, squatting on the tatami. In fact, in matters of cleanliness it would be difficult to find anything in Europe to surpass the hygienic conditions of the Japanese factory.

The social welfare of factory workers does not however cease with dormitories and dining rooms. There are sports clubs for the men and courses of physical training under qualified instructors for the girls.

The regulations for the protection of labour are moreover enforced by visits of government inspectors. What are apparently not under any control are the smaller concerns employing ten or a lesser number of employees, chiefly silk spinners and weavers. Where machinery is used in such factories the hours of work, but not wages, are under a supervision, but where there is no machinery, such as in the straw hat and fan-making industries, there is no controlling influence. The result of this is that in these pocket factories the old system of hiring female hands from parents by the payment of a lump sum still exists, the workers becoming virtually the property of the employer, who can make them work according to his wishes. However in spite of this I do not think that it can be said that the Japanese work under worse conditions than the British or Americans; in fact as far as accommodation and food are concerned I would be inclined to suggest that the majority are better off in Japan. Work is instinctive to a Japanese, the Trade Union movement has not yet gained a foothold (of the 5,000,000 industrial labourers in Japan under 400,000 are organized into unions), and if the output of merchandise is possible at a lower cost than in other parts of the world it is because they are thriftier, more industrious, and the women perhaps defter with their hands than their sisters of the West.



MUCH-USED MIRRORS: In a corner of a woman's dressing-room at a Japanese factory. All the girls are particular about their appearance



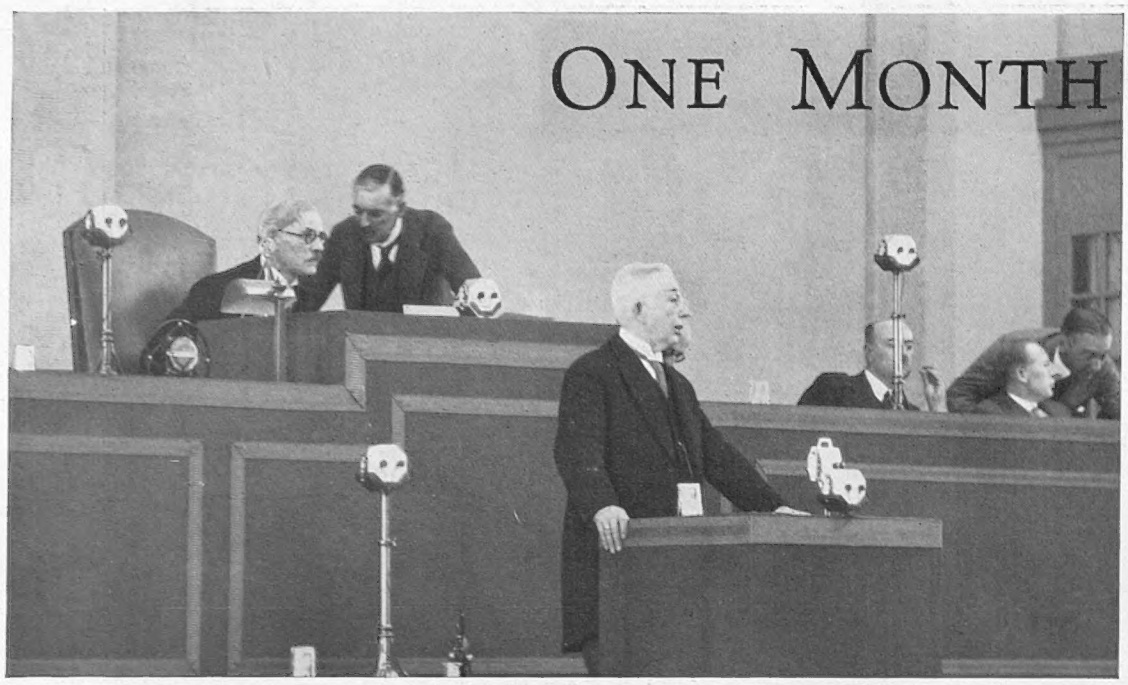
GARDENS OUTSIDE A ROW OF DORMITORY BUILDINGS: This delightful central space is reserved for trees and garden plots.

FACTORY GIRLS AT DINNER: They are here seated at tables in Western fashion. They all say some sort of grace. Some wear the hair long; others have it tied in a knot

FACTORY GIRLS AT WORK IN THE GARDENS: The girls keep the gardens gay with flowers and appear to spend much time in polishing themselves

ONE MONTH of HISTORY

A Survey of Current Events During July 1933



THE CONFERENCE COMES TO AN END: Dr. Colijn (Holland), chairman of the Economic Commission, addresses the delegates at the final session. Behind him Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Chamberlain are seen in consultation. Dr. Colijn referred to the disappointing results of the Conference which, after the high hopes with which the delegates had started, he feared might lead to an aggravation of the present International situation

Extracts from funeral orations, pronounced on July 27, the last session day of the great World Financial and Economic Conference:

MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN: There is no need to disguise the fact that we are greatly disappointed to have to record that so little progress has been made towards our goal. Let us rather recognize that circumstances beyond our control have been too strong for us.

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD: We adjourn not because we are defeated, not because we are discouraged, but because the Committee requires a little longer time to continue their deliberations and to consider conclusions.

DR. COLIJN (Holland): The lack of results is highly disappointing, and dangerous as well, because after what has happened the world may well be faced by an aggravation of the present situation.

M. BONNET (France): We have no doubt that, in the course of later work, it will be possible for us to reach a wider measure of agreement.

DR. SCHACHT (Germany): The attempt to regulate simultaneously, by general recommendations or decisions, the conditions of sixty-four entirely different countries has proved impracticable.

MR. CORDELL HULL (U.S.A.): There have been distinctly worth-while results of the Conference. The nations must make up their minds to pursue less extreme economic policies. We cannot falter. We will not quit. We have begun and we will go on.

GOVERNOR COX (U.S.A.): It is an unpleasant fact that domestic preoccupation interferes with, or rather postpones, the work of an International Conference. Yet it is a fact to be admitted.

M. MAISKY (Russia): The practical results have turned out to be something like zero. . . . The failure of the Conference is eloquent of the failure of the capitalist system.

Ten minutes after the Conference closed, charwomen took charge of the Conference home in the Geological Museum, London. The clatter of bucket and broom succeeded the sonorous roll of oratory that said little or nothing.

The Conference session had received its death-blow as early as July 1. The gold standard countries regarded an exchange stabilization dollar, pound, franc *et al.* as the first and biggest to recovery. President Roosevelt, in the throes of his grand recovery-experiment based partly on dollar-inflation, would not agree,

Declining even a limited stabilization of exchanges, he deplored, in the language of a world-lecturer, that the great Conference of Nations should "allow itself to be diverted by the proposal of a purely artificial experiment. Such action, such diversion, show a singular lack of proportion and a failure to remember the larger purposes for which the Economic Conference was originally called together."

The gold standard delegates were angry, the British delegates highly disappointed, for the proposed international declaration was an innocuous one approved by Mr. Cordell Hull who led the U.S.A. delegation, and by Professor Moley, the President's economic Man Friday.

"America is the bonfire-boy of the world; she lights a fire which might have been a beacon, and then runs away to watch it burn itself out," said an anonymous French delegate to a London newspaper.

"World Conference Dead," shrieked several headlines. But Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, as chairman, gave it artificial respiration, and persuaded his "Steering Committee," after a ten-hour session, "to ask each sub-committee to draw up a list of questions which could be usefully studied."

The Conference went on talking, and its social round continued. All the best London hostesses gave parties; all the best delegates attended. It was calculated that 500,000,000 words were run off the duplicating machines and that 500 bottles of beer a day were drunk in the international bar.

A minor agreement was reached on silver, fixing for four years the amount of fine ounces to be sold by the various Governments of producing countries. "Almost in the hour of its death, the World Conference has conceived and brought forth. The infant is not a wonder child, but it saves the Conference from the reproach of absolute barrenness," said *The Times*.

That being that, the World Conference haunted the museum for its allotted span, and adjourned until an unspecified period of reassembly. It was like the old soldier of song—it did not die, it faded away.

Mr. Roosevelt cabled admiration and respect for Mr. MacDonald's courage as presiding officer. Delegates Cordell Hull and Governor Cox agreed with him on this, but refrained from claiming harmony between their President's views and their own on what had happened, and why. As for Professor-Economist Moley, when he went home the U.S. delegation declined responsibility for his heavy bill for expenses, which was magnified by exchange losses during the rapid fall of the dollar.

STERLING ASSERTS ITSELF. — The World Conference produced a single important result, but indirectly, It was announced one day after the break-up that the nations of the British Commonwealth had decided separately to maintain the stability of currency exchange within the Empire.

A big Sterling Group was thus formed to which other countries not on the gold standard might adhere. The Empire would aim at raising and stabilizing wholesale prices. Because of Dominion representations a proposed pegging of the pound to the gold-standard franc was avoided, and sterling became the largest stable unit in the financial world.

THE GREAT AMERICAN EXPERIMENT. — Anxiously watched by the world at large President Roosevelt embarked on a vast and remarkable plan to kill depression, give employment, and raise prices and wages in the U.S. A National Recovery Council and "super-Cabinet" were created, two more professors being co-opted to work with the much-quoted "Brain Trust." Its campaign was based on a "fair competition" Code from the cotton industry, establishing shorter hours (average reduction 25 per cent.) and higher wages (average rise 30 per cent.), maximum working week of forty hours, minimum weekly wage of 12 to 13 dollars.

Similar Codes were prepared for other industries. Shopkeepers also worked out a Code, which forbade gross profits lower than 10 per cent., fought price-cutting, reduced shop assistants' hours, and fixed minimum wages. Most of the motor industry fell into line, though not (during July) the Ford firm.

It was a national campaign, planned and carried out, said Mr. Roosevelt over the radio, as if "the nation were invaded by a foe." The first Codes corresponded to volunteer enlistment. Next came a "Derby scheme" from General Hugh Johnson, administrator of the National Recovery Act, known during the War as the Red-Tape Slasher. His scheme was to mobilize all employers and employees under temporary "blanket" agreements, under which protective blanket permanent Codes would be drawn up for each industry.

Prices fluctuated wildly. Labour was alarmed and threatened strikes; there was uncertainty while President and Brain Trust debated in secret. Fears lessened after announcement that the Blanket Code would operate for five months, and that employers would be merely "asked" to enter into the agreement. But there were hints of compulsion in the last resort.

War conditions were recalled by propaganda plans for the "blanket," which aimed at putting 6,000,000 unemployed to work within two months, and fixing for the nation a maximum 36-hour week, with minimum 12 to 15 dollars weekly pay. £660,000,000 was allotted for the vast experiment.

The Government presses turned out 77,000,000 pamphlets and posters, stamped with the U.S. Blue Eagle, including window-cards and stickies for automobile wind-screens. Copies of the agreement, with a personal message from the President, were sent to 5,000,000 employers. A so-called "General" and "Lieut.-General" (the latter a woman) were appointed for each local organization, and under these were Colonels, Majors, Captains, and so down to Sergeants and Corporals (no Privates were appointed).

Thousands of employers quickly queued up to sign the agreement, and received a badge marked: "Member of the N.R.A. (National Recovery Association). We do our part." Some big employers, including the heads of the oil industry, did not line up, but awaited concessions to their arguments.

Newspapers, wireless, cinema, the pulpit, the public platform and posters were enrolled "to saturate the country with dope about the thing," according to General Johnson.

DOLLAR DANCE.—High hopes spread across America, but prices wobbled unevenly. Milk and bread went up for the consumer. The New York *Journal of Commerce* condemned the good-will scheme as "half-baked economic amateurishness."

The dollar had fallen heavily in world value after the President's refusal to stabilize currencies. In one day sterling rose from 4.50 to 4.75 dollars. The pound then went to par with the dollar, and reached a premium before it dropped back from 4.87 to 4.32. On July 31 it was 4.60.

On Wall Street shares and commodities advanced in frenzied manner during a bull market

(Continued on p. 232)

OUTSIDE THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE: Violent fluctuations in American stocks, culminating in a staggering drop in share values, created intense excitement on Wall Street during the middle of July and resulted in many prominent operators incurring heavy losses

CHILDREN of the CITY

"NECTARIAN JUICE RENEWS THE LIFE OF JOY": Youngsters at the Homeless Children's Aid and Adoption Home, Leytonstone, enjoying a glass of refreshing lime juice during last week's spell of particularly hot weather

A GREAT ROAD GAME

Children, taking advantage of the tram-line repairs at Clapham, collecting the discarded paving blocks for firewood. Many of the youngsters brought prams to assist them in the removal of the precious fuel

A HEAT WAVE PARADOX

b

"ROUTS AND DISCOMFITURES, RUSHES AND RALLIES": The famous Chicago Wheat Pit where, during the violent price fluctuations of last month, many hundreds of traders were "wiped out." New regulations have been promulgated designed to prevent a repetition

BIG BUSINESS ON THE BERLIN BOURSE: A view of the various recesses reserved for the use of the German banks and their employees

THE WORLD AT THE CURRENCY CROSSROADS

The Gold Standard or the Fluid Pound—The Urgent Problem of Restoring World Exchange Stability

By A BANKER

The greatest currency war in history is now raging. Is the gold standard to be smashed and cast aside for ever, or is it to be maintained in trust for civilization by that handful of countries which have not yet abandoned it?

Six countries still on gold have united in its defence. After a conference in Paris they have declared that they have determined to maintain the gold standard in its entirety and at its existing parities. Not content with a pious expression of faith, they added that they would by co-operation take all the necessary steps to prevent their currencies being shaken by the speculator.

This gallant handful consists of France, Holland, Switzerland, Belgium, Poland, and Italy. They are practically the sole survivors of the gold countries. As ammunition in the fight they hold between them about 40 per cent. of the world's stock of gold, amounting to £1,000,000,000 at parity, and incidentally weighing about 8,000 tons.

What is the meaning of this war? The gold countries aver that the world can best be served by all countries maintaining their currencies stable in terms of gold. By this means prices throughout the world will tend to be uniform, and the freedom from exchange fluctuation will facilitate international trade.

Other countries, led by the United States, attach little importance to the gold value of their currencies, and, indeed, are willing for the gold value to fall in order that domestic prices may be raised. A rise in prices, they maintain, will bring prosperity.

During recent years prices have fallen so heavily in every country, with much resultant depression, that there are many people, hitherto orthodox of the orthodox, who are willing to make the experiment of deliberately raising prices in the hope that industry will be stimulated.

Had it been possible for a student of finance to read in pre-War days a currency history of the past fifteen years he would have regarded it as a chapter from *Alice in Wonderland*.

Before the War violent fluctuations in the foreign exchanges were unknown. The gold standard was almost universally adopted, and, on the whole, worked well.

Gold was international money, and it flowed from one financial centre to another to settle international indebtedness. A country with a favourable balance of payments found that it received gold, and the effect on that country of such a receipt was that money became more plentiful and prices tended to rise and interest rates to fall. As a consequence of lower interest rates international financiers would transfer their funds from that country to a more remunerative centre, while as a result of the higher commodity prices other nations would buy less from the country, and so the balance of payments would be adjusted. Therefore prices throughout the world tended to be stable and uniform.

The War, however, caused a general abandonment of the gold standard. In many countries inflation ran riot; money was created by the printing press, prices soared, and currencies fell to rubbish values. But after some years of currency chaos it seemed that the world was really returning to normal.

The pound sterling, which at its lowest point had lost only one-third of its gold value, gradually returned to parity, and in 1925 the gold standard was restored in this country.

Other countries found it impossible to restore their currencies to pre-War value but stabilized them at a mere fraction thereof. Great hardships were necessarily involved in these writings-down, but it was felt that it was no good crying over spilt milk and the future was faced with stable currencies and much confidence.

For a few years the world travelled hopefully, but in 1931 came the staggering announcement that the gold standard had been abandoned, not by some obscure country but by England itself—the greatest financial centre of the world. It was soon seen that there were deeper causes than political ones for the depreciation of the £. Indeed, under the National Government, the £ last year fell to the lowest level ever reached.

It was then generally realized that Great Britain, in restoring the £ in 1925 to its old gold value, had taken on too great a burden. Our prices and costs in this country were such that in comparison with those of America the real purchasing power was about 18s. In making our £ worth 4.86 dollars in the foreign exchange market we were in effect making foreigners pay 4.86 dollars for goods worth only about 4.30 dollars, so our export trade naturally fell off and great depression followed. It had been hoped that prices would be reduced in this country, but these hopes were not fulfilled. In 1931, therefore, we abandoned the idea of maintaining the £ at its artificial level and severed the link between gold and sterling.

FRANCE'S GOLD STORE: Gold being received by officials at the Banque de France. France, one of the gold standard countries, has £650 millions in bullion

Our example was widely followed and by the beginning of 1933 the gold standard had been suspended either actually or in effect in forty-five countries. But France and America remained its stalwart supporters. Backed by two-thirds of the world's monetary gold, the franc and the dollar seemed as impregnable as rocks. In the spring of 1933, however, there came another currency bombshell. The United States of America, with the largest stock of gold ever known in history, voluntarily abandoned the gold standard in the hope that such a step would result in an increase of prices and a return of prosperity. The World Economic Conference had been arranged long before America made her startling experiment, but when it met on June 12 it was realized that of the many problems to be solved, that of currency was by far the most urgent.

Could not some measure of agreement be reached between the United States, England and the gold countries whereby stabilization could be assured? President Roosevelt's reply to representatives on this subject was somewhat startling. "Don't bother about little things like currency stabilization" he said in effect. This was followed by a further depreciation of the dollar, which fell to near the old parity with the £. It seemed that the orgy of world speculation in currencies was setting in. Which would be the next gold country to haul down the flag? But as we have seen, the gold countries are determined to fight.

A touch of irony is given to the situation by the fact that, of the six countries now sitting in judgment on the rest of the world, no fewer than four have devalued their currencies since the War. Holland and Switzerland have unblemished currency records, but the same cannot be said of their colleagues.

The French franc has been written down from its pre-War value of 9¼d. to 2d., the Italian lira fared rather better and (greatly to the annoyance of France, it is said) was written down from 9¼d. to 2½d. and the Belgian franc from 9¼d. to less than 1¾d.

At the moment it is difficult to foresee the future of the world's currency. It is certain, however, that sooner or later exchange stability must be restored. This restoration will necessitate some form of international money and it will probably be found that, in spite of all its drawbacks, gold will be found the most suitable.

TURKEY'S NEW MONEY MARKET: The imposing Bourse recently erected at Istanbul

WHO'S WHO ON THE GOLD STANDARD: Diagram showing the six European Powers forming the "gold standard block" at the present moment. France has £650,000,000, Holland £62,000,000, Belgium £76,000,000, Poland £11,000,000, Italy £73,000,000, and Switzerland £72,000,000. This represents visible bullion

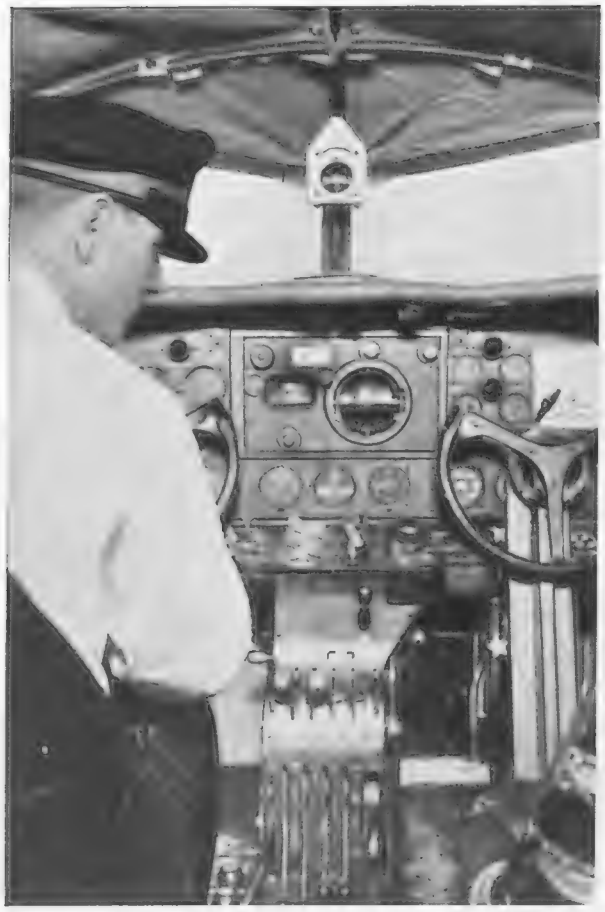
DEVELOPMENTS IN THE ETERNAL CITY

And Other Foreign News

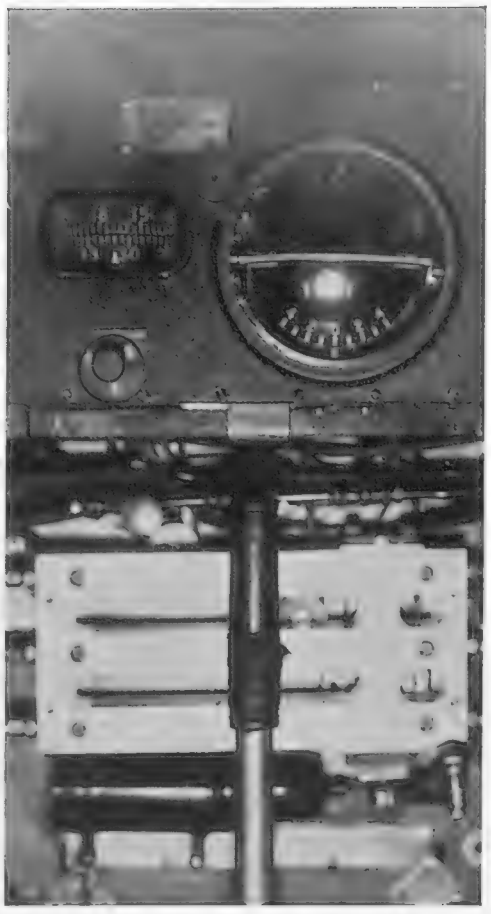
THE MAKING OF MODERN ROME: A view of the latest road improvement scheme which, when completed in October, will link the Via del Impero and the Via del Mare. In the foreground is the Arch of Constantine, the famous Parian marble structure near the Coliseum dedicated to the Emperor after his victory over "the tyrant" Maxentius. It is said to be the most perfectly preserved of all the city's ancient monuments

FAITH: This pilgrim, seen in St. Peter's Square, Rome, had walked all the way from Spain to attend the Holy Year celebrations and to receive the blessing of the Pope. The great cathedral is shown towering in the background

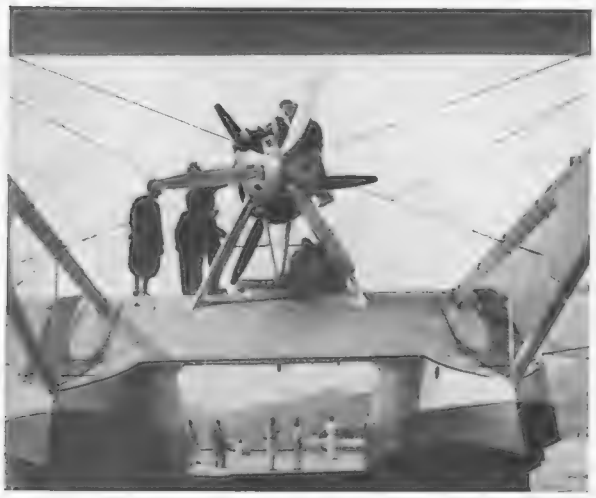
AN ANGLO-HUNGARIAN WEDDING: Scenes at the marriage at the Sigismund Chapel, Budapest, of the Earl of Listowel and Miss Judith de Márffy-Mantuano, only daughter of M. Raoul de Márffy-Mantuano, a former Minster Plenipotentiary of Budapest. The bridegroom was attended by his sister, Lady Patricia Hare, while the bride walked to the Chapel with her brother and Viscount Long of Wraxall. *Left*—The bridal party on the steps of the chapel. *Right*—The Earl and Countess of Listowel



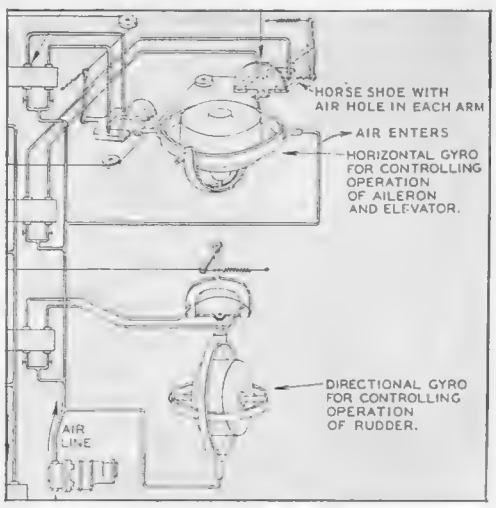
THE "ROBOT" OR AUTOMATIC PILOT: The human pilot is looking at the gyro panel to his immediate right. Behind the convex circle is one of the two gyros which control the stability of the 'plane both for lateral and vertical movement



A CLOSE-UP OF THE SPERRY AUTOMATIC PILOT: The two gyros are revolved by jets of air and the actual automatic working of the ailerons and rudder is also by air pressure supplemented by oil pistons



THE DECK LINKING THE TWIN HULLS OF THE ITALIAN SEAPLANES: The two hulls are united by a strong deck which forms at the same time a central wing surface. The whole 'plane weighs 11 tons



ONE VERTICAL GYRO AND ONE HORIZONTAL GYRO: The 'plane is controlled by these two air-operated gyros as shown here in diagrammatic form

THE STRONG METAL STRUTS OF THE ITALIAN SEAPLANE ARMADA: These struts carry the rudder and a wide elevator for assisting in the control of vertical flight. These are locked on to the twin hulls of the seaplanes. The fore and aft motors are arranged centrally

THE ROBOT PILOT

And the Construction of the Italian Air Armada

The idea of automatic control of an aeroplane is no new thing, for the early designers attempted to build machines with inherent stability. They soon found, however, that such 'planes could only be flown in the most favourable weather conditions, since they were very adversely affected by turbulent air. Next an attempt was made at longitudinal control by a pendulum and air vane combination connected to the elevator; but exactly the same result was obtained. Stabilization of the 'plane took place in very smooth air only, but in rough weather the machine was a great deal more unstable than if it had been without a stabilizer.

Illustrated here is the latest type of automatic pilot used by Mr. Wiley Post in his round the world Lockheed-Vega 'plane. It was manufactured by the Sperry Gyroscope Company, who were the first to design and construct automatic pilots for aircraft. Lateral and longitudinal stability is maintained by automatic control of the ailerons and elevator, and a change of course is obtained by manipulating the course-adjusting knob.

The annexed drawing shows part of the working of the two units. Air enters the casing in which the gyroscope is enclosed through a pipe, the end of which acts as a bearing for one of the gimbals. The air catches small vanes on the surface of the gyro and rotates it. When the machine is true the air escapes through two little holes in the horseshoe arms, air pressure being equalized. When a deviation occurs the gyro is tilted and causes the two semicircular segments to turn, and in doing so to close one of the holes in the horseshoe arms. Pressure now builds up and air rushes through the open holes to operate the balanced oil valves, which bring into action the oil pump which in turn forces oil into the hydraulic cylinders of the servo unit and so sets in motion the pistons to which the rudder, elevator, and aileron controls are attached.

Three mechanical follow-up cables bring these controls back to true as soon as the correction is established.

All that a pilot has to do, therefore, in a machine fitted with such an automatic pilot is to set his course after the machine has attained sufficient height and then engage the mechanism. He is at once relieved of the strain and physical effort of keeping the machine on its course by constant manipulation of the rudder, aileron, and elevator controls, and may attend to other matters in the 'plane such as keeping in communication with the ground by his radio or making weather observation.

The uses of the automatic pilot are obvious. It provides the only really safe method of flying through fog, storms, or darkness for a prolonged period, while the human pilot remains fresh and alert for any emergency. Over the long routes of modern airways it is indispensable, and especially so will this be the case when a Transatlantic Air Service is established.

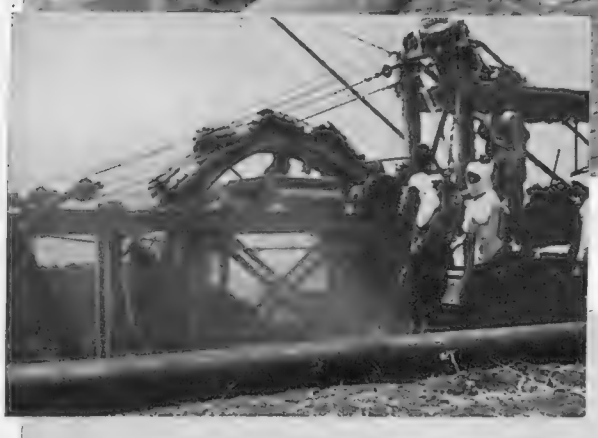
Italy's great Air Armada has aroused general admiration. The flight to Chicago was no mere stunt, nor did it depend on fair winds and luck with the engines. Low clouds over the North Sea forced this perfect formation to fly just above the water, and the crossing from Iceland was undertaken through the fogs and storms of the North Atlantic. The twin engines of each machine had to carry eleven tons through an Alpine pass at a height of 13,000 feet, where mechanical trouble would have resulted in a very bad crash. They are Isotta-Fraschini 18-cylinder water-cooled engines capable of carrying full war material or a peaceful freight for 500 miles without refuelling. Eloquent enough is this of the great strides taken by Italy in aircraft and aero-engine construction. An Air Force that was negligible a few years ago now occupies a place second to none.

There has been a grouch or two concerning this big achievement and the friendly "hit in the eye" it would seem to have given to Britain. The anxious Britisher, however, need have no fear for the honour of his country. Can we not afford for Italy to have this honour? Let him look at an historical aerial map of the world. There is no room either for any uncertainty as to whether British engines could do the same. Have we not, to mention only one, such engines as that of the Fairey-Napier Long Range Monoplane?

G. C.

LAYING 600 MILES OF PIPE LINE

From Iraq to the Mediterranean



ON THE PLAIN OF ESDRAELON: Blasting out a portion of the 600-mile trench where the bed-rock lay too near the surface for the easy working of pick and shovel. *Left*—A mechanical trench digger at work on a section of the new Iraq-Mediterranean pipe line

HIGH SPEED TRENCHING: A rear view of the mechanical digger in action showing the trench and the manner in which the earth is piled beside it

Within a year's time the Mesopotamian oil-fields, the subject of so much intrigue in past years, will at last begin yielding to the world their illimitable resources. The accompanying pictures, taken during trench-digging operations on the plain of Esdraelon, illustrate the work of laying the 600-mile pipe line which is to conduct the crude oil from the Kirkuk fields to the Mediterranean. The line is double throughout its length, one branch taking the oil to Haifa, Palestine, and the other to Tripoli, Syria, where it will be refined and exported. This important concession belongs to the Iraq Petroleum Company which represents an amalgamation of the Standard Oil, Shell, and other interests. Work on the scheme was begun seven months ago, and before the end of 1933 the pipe line is likely to be complete.

GREETING TO THE MORNING: A refreshing camera study from the seaside. *Right*—DRESSED ALIKE AND THINKING ALIKE: Three little maids about to take a plunge on Brighton beach

THE LURE OF T

THE DEEP SEA STORY

"Then what do you think the
to a thrilling tale of the depths

IN THE HEAT OF NOON

A sultry day at the seaside pictured with an infra-red camera plate

WHERE CARES ARE AS LIGHT AS A FEATHER

A carefree seaside the Isle of Wight popular holiday-ma

THE AUGUST SEA

octopus did?" Children listen as the diver rests on the pier

THE DIVER ENTERTAINS

A PICKER-UP OF UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES: The cross-bred takes his morning dip. *Left*—NOT LOST BUT GONE BEFORE: A baby sea nymph among the sandhills of North Berwick

study from —always a king centre

BRITAIN BASKS IN THE AUGUST SUN

The waning light of the sun illumining the strange patterns woven by the receding tide

FOOTPRINTS OF THE SEA

NAVY WEEK

Types You Will See at Portsmouth, Chatham, and Plymouth

THE BOATSWAIN'S PIPE, never carried by the boatswain except when welcoming a commander-in-chief, is heard all day from the lips of his mates. The notes are produced by adjusting the palm of the hand over the barrel marked with a broad arrow. *Right*—PROVIDENCE STILL ALLOWS THIS FLAG TO FLY: This particular silk ensign was presented to H.M.S. *Devonshire* by the women of the county after which the ship was named

PIPES: The boatswain's mate still shouts the majority of his orders down the hatchways despite the installation of loudspeakers in the mess decks

STAND EASY: The handy cigarette now largely replaces the traditional rum-soaked hard tobacco of the old-time bluejacket, who drew his ration in the leaf and made it up into "perruques" himself

THE OLD AND THE NEW: The ship's bell, marking the passing of each half-hour of the watch in the fashion handed down from time immemorial, to-day has its notes distributed to every corner of the ship by microphone and loudspeaker. The New Year is always rung in with sixteen bells

NAVAL CLEANLINESS goes with precautions against fire. The moment a "Stand easy" is sounded the "spitkid" party place "spitkids" in convenient spots on deck. This prevents lighted cigarettes, matches, etc., from being thrown overboard where the wind might carry them through a porthole and start a fire

H.M.S. "RODNEY" AIR: It may be tray" to the lan to the bluejacket for two y

QUAINT NAVAL ORDERS: How the boatswain's mate holds his hand over the barrel of his whistle to produce the various piercing notes denoting anything from "Defaulters" to "Hands to Dance and Skylark"—an order reserved for Christmas Day and festive occasions

Special "Sphere" pictures by Charles E. Brown

HANDS TO DINNER: Every naval order has to be obeyed at the double, but in this case there is no need for the ship's police to keep an eye open for strollers "dodging Pompey." The quantity and quality of the food supplied the modern bluejacket arouses the envious contempt of the "old timer" brought up on "bare navy." Physical jerks to-day are a necessity

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"SPIT AND POLISH": Although no longer indulged in at the cost of efficiency, naval cleanliness, from the brass muzzles of the 16-in. guns to the hidden corners of the bilges, still occupies a great deal of the bluejackets' time. The Navy recognizes that the clean ship is always the efficient one

THE BROADCASTER: The marine bugler sounds his calls into the microphone with the boatswain's mate as assistant announcer

"CLEAR UP DECKS": The sweeping party seems to be at it all day; a fly has little chance to settle on this deck

ANTICIPATION: The cook of the mess draws rum for his party. The ration for each individual is methodically measured

"MAKE AND MEND CLOTHES": Thursday afternoons were once occupied by the bluejackets in mending their clothes. To-day the time is still profitably employed

Special SPHERE *pictures by Charles Brown*

MESSING: In the old days each mess of bluejackets elected a member every day to prepare the rations for the galley according to his own ideas. All these miscellaneous dishes were cooked together. Nowadays the general messing system places before the men a plentiful and excellent diet prepared by specialist cooks. The sailor's prerogative of grumbling, however, is exercised more than ever

THE NAVY ENTERTAINS

Where to Go and What to See

(From August 5 to August 12)

By FRANK C. BOWEN

Every summer the naval men of the three bases, Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Chatham, are confronted with the great problem of what to put before the public in the way of entertainment during the Navy Weeks at the beginning of August, but the thinking member of the public is confronted with the equally great problem of what to see in the time at his disposal, for Navy Week is the taxpayers' great opportunity of seeing something of the Service for which he pays, and a day in one of the naval bases offers so much that a selection has to be made if anything is to be seen thoroughly.

To hope to see anything of the intimate life of the Service is of course impossible. Nothing can be normal on board ship with such an audience, and everything possible has to be stowed away to make a passage-way for the visitors. Perhaps one who realizes that the Navy's greatest problems are those of personnel will get a thoughtful bluejacket in a quiet corner of the upper deck and get him to talk about everyday affairs, but it will not be easy; the sailor can seldom realize that his daily round can be of the slightest interest to anybody outside the Service, and he would far rather show him big guns or torpedo tubes or searchlight controls and explain them most interestingly,

To the mechanically-inclined visitor, which includes most of the younger generation, some programme in advance is most desirable. The modern battleship, pure "box of tricks" as she is to the old salt, is apt to be disappointing to one who wants to see machinery. The engine-room of a geared turbine ship and the elaborate auxiliary plants, which are nearly all electrical, present little of interest to the visitor; the Diesel plant of a submarine is more satisfactory, but the quarters in ships of that type are so cramped that the line of visitors has to be kept moving steadily, and there is no chance to linger. But the mighty hydraulic machinery which trains and elevates the big guns, handles the ammunition, and does everything with almost human thought, is an exhibition to gladden the heart of the mechanically-minded, and demonstrations are almost invariably arranged in some ship or another, although not as a rule in the star ships of the base.

Drills, gymnastic displays, and ceremonial parades always have their interest and will be seen in plenty at each centre. They leave no doubt as to the physical fitness of the modern sailor and marine, at all events.

There is also an immense amount of physical exertion in the three principal side-shows, the revolution in Ruritania at Chatham, the Chinese pirate junk at Portsmouth, and the Q-boat adventure at Plymouth, but these will always be appreciated rather for their "story" and rather noisy excitement than for any other consideration. Cinematograph performances on naval subjects and the amusement parks need no sign-posts for their devotees.

For feminine visitors, the great attraction is, as always, the means of preparing food for the inhabitants of a fair-sized town, all clamouring for their meals at the same time, but comparatively few see all that there is to be seen and which they are very welcome to see. Rapidly going are the days when the food was prepared for the galley by the "cook of the mess" taking his daily turn at the job. The one thing that he never did was to cook the food; as he usually had only the haziest qualifications for the preparation of the "schooner on the rocks," "straight bake," "two decker" or other naval delicacy it was just as well. He did quite enough harm to his messmates' digestions as it was.

Nowadays it is quite different. "General Messing" is coming into general use in which the sailor sees his food for the first time when it is set before him after being prepared by specialist cooks who have had to pass an examination to prove their skill. In most modern ships they have the help of the most up-to-date plant, from electric potato-peelers to the last word in oil-fired ovens, and the organization of a smooth and efficient service for a big ship's company in the cramped and awkward quarters of a battleship is worthy of the highest praise.

But the bluejacket dislikes change, and few changes have caused more grumbling than this great improvement in naval catering. Feminine interest and sympathy make a very welcome change in the lives of the galley staff.

THE KING'S FLAX HARVEST

THE FLAX HARVEST is now in full swing on the Sandringham estate and, if the present fine weather continues, the crop will soon be ready for despatch. It will be taken to King's Lynn and shipped to Belfast, where the raw material will be converted into finished fibre for the making of linen. The above picture shows a horse-drawn machine pulling the crop

A MOTOR TRACTOR PULLING THE KING'S CROP: The growing stems are not cut by scythe or reaping machine but are pulled up by the roots when the stalks begin to turn yellow at the base. For several years now the King has been advocating the cultivation of more flax, and this season has set a magnificent example to the Norfolk farmers by sowing over forty-two acres

HEAT-WAVE POLO: Miss Winnie Hilder resting after a chukker during the match on the Kingston Ground, Southwick, Sussex, between the Southdown Ladies Polo Club and the London Ladies. The game resulted in a good win for the Southdown team

AMNESTY: The town-crier of Honiton with the floral standard surmounted by a white glove which he displays during the annual fair as a sign that no one will be arrested

A CORONER ON THE STAGE: Mr. Herbert Lomas presented a vivid picture of a coroner in *The Inquest*. A clever play presented at the Windmill

THE CORONER

Are his Present-Day Powers too Liberally Interpreted or Should he Revert to his Original Duties on Behalf of the Crown?

By CHARLES GRAVES

No system is perfect, but there are two systems in this country that have room for a good deal of improvement. These are our nursing homes and our coroners. During the last few years a little has been done to improve matters where nursing homes are concerned, but heaven knows there is still a great deal more that should be done. However, that is another story.

The trouble with coroners is that they are usually appointed for life. They need not necessarily have any legal training. As far as one can judge from the way they behave, they have little or no medical knowledge; and once you have been in their clutches there is no appeal from whatever moral damage they may do you—and they can do a great deal.

In the good or bad old days the coroner was so called because he had principally to do with pleas of the Crown "or such wherein the Sovereign was more immediately concerned." Before 1888 country coroners were elected by the freeholders in each county. Nowadays they are appointed on boroughs by the borough council, and in counties by the county council, and it is usually a life appointment. A coroner may live to the age of ninety, becoming more crusty and intolerant and narrow-minded as the years go on, with the power of God and nobody to gainsay him in his own line of country, and nothing can be done about it. He can spoil the reputation of a hospital without knowing anything about hospital routine; he can ruin a nurse or doctor, and destroy the good name or peace of mind of relatives or friends of a suicide. Although he is given the power of a god, he is just as likely to make mistakes as any other man, only in his case nobody can rectify them. You would have thought that under the circumstances he would be weighed down by his responsibilities and infinitely cautious in his judgments. You would have thought that he would shun publicity and spend most of his life in praying for guidance. Well, you would be wrong. Any number of our coroners are selfish, callous old gentlemen who are not at all averse to publicity.

There are exceptions, fortunately. Mr. J. H. Milner, the Leeds City Coroner, frequently holds inquests in private, although the public has the right to attend. In 1932 he held 760 inquests, eighty-three of which were secret. Another exception is Mr. Joseph Roberts, the Birkenhead Borough Coroner. At the Chief Constables' Association conference recently he said: "*A good number of our coroners are a bit too keen on dragging skeletons out of cupboards, and overlooking the fact that their duty is merely to ascertain the cause of death and not to go into unpleasant trivialities.* I have made it a practice in frequent cases when extraordinary letters are left by the suicides containing extraordinary and virulent attacks on the living, never to have these letters read in court. Their contents are the outpourings of a disordered mind, and their publication very often leads to the most abominable persecution of living people."

Mr. David Treasure, the South Monmouth Coroner, also proved himself a treasure in March of this year. The inquest was on a taxicab driver who was suffering from cancer and had only a short time to live. "I think the man was right in what he did even if he was perfectly sane and responsible for his action," he said. "Who are you, and who am I, to blame him for what he did knowing that his life was limited on this earth?"

The fourth exception is Mr. Douglas Cowburn at Southwark, who said recently, "In my humble opinion a verdict of suicide should never be recorded unless the evidence is so entirely conclusive as to render any other verdict incompatible."

But they, as I say, in their different ways, are exceptions to the general rule.

In all branches of the law the principle has been established that to err is human, yet the coroner is presumed apparently to be infallible. Once a verdict is found, nothing more can be said or done about it. You will remember the recent case of a man and woman who were savagely censured by a coroner for thinking that a man who was lying fatally injured in the road was drunk, and in consequence driving on. After all, they did nothing more but make a wrong diagnosis, and they were not in the medical profession. They did not in any way deviate from the path of the duty of a citizen, yet the stigma was imposed, and they had no authority to which they could appeal for its removal. As a matter of fact they did write to the daily newspapers about it, who very properly printed their letter and backed them up. But that was all they could do.

It is really fantastic that there is no court of appeal from a coroner. The friends of Anny Ahlers, the actress who played the lead in the *Dubarry*, still boil with rage at the recollection of the coroner's verdict that she had committed suicide. In point of fact Miss Ahlers had had a very painful operation on her nose—one of the most painful operations it is possible to have. She was excessively highly strung. Nothing could have been more natural than that she did not know what she was doing at the time she walked out of the window. If this verdict had been given in a criminal case there would have been an appeal at once. One can be sure of that. As it was, nothing could be done. Moreover, in addition to the pained feelings of the coroner's verdict or rider, material harm, as I have already said, can be done to doctors and nurses when stigmatized as incompetent or neglectful. Several young doctors' careers have been wrecked at the start.

One must also take into account the issue of suicide when payments under insurance policies depend on the form of death. In a recent case no insurance was payable because the coroner brought in a verdict of *felo de se*. If he had given the verdict of suicide during temporary insanity, the insurance would have been paid.

It is astonishing that a coroner in the circumstances does not have to be necessarily a man of legal training. His court is one of our oldest institutions. It should certainly be brought up to date in line with our present notions of human fallibility. Altogether, it is a great pity that Charles Dickens, who did so much in his novels to ameliorate various corrupt and undesirable conditions sixty years ago, did not attack coroners' courts.

It is curious that in the only case I can find where a coroner gave evidence in a court of law, the appeal by the defendants to the Court of Criminal Appeal was absolutely successful, although the coroner was the main witness for the prosecution in the lower court. Incidentally, the court laid it down that it did not agree that it was a coroner's duty to hold an inquest. This is rather interesting.

Looking through the files of the hundreds of cases reported in the newspapers of inquests held by coroners in the past five years, one comes across futile protest after futile protest against these coroners from Deptford to Boscombe. You will find members of the coroner's jury complaining that the coroners are late. The coroner may say that his average punctuality is five minutes each way, and that he will not argue. That is all that can be done about it.

Undoubtedly a Northern coroner did an excellent thing in pointing out publicly that coroners are too fond of going into "unpleasant trivialities," and of reading letters in Court which do nobody any good. Let us take the case of a man who obviously committed suicide by putting his head in a gas oven. The coroner, after saying "This is apparently the end of the modern type of marriage," went on quite unnecessarily to ask "Was there not a man in the case?" This was addressed to the unfortunate widow. When she replied "Not then," he went on, "There is now, I suppose?" This seems monstrous. The same coroner was holding an inquest on the death of a woman—following an operation for the removal of a cyst. Her son was in court. "This is another lesson of what I describe as the disgusting habit of kissing dogs," he said. This is a form of mental cruelty of which I should be ashamed. Why not say "unfortunate" instead of using so gross an adjective? Again, this coroner had a case where a married woman committed suicide and left the usual letter calling a neighbour "a liar and seducer and a double murderer." The coroner in summing up said that he saw no reason whatever to disbelieve the neighbour's story, who said that it was sheer delusion on the part of the dead woman. In that event, why on earth did he read out the letter in public? There is no possible excuse for this. A suggestion was also recently made that someone in the London Fire Brigade or the Salvage Corps had broken open certain cash boxes with an axe and had pocketed their contents. Yet it was no member of either the Fire Brigade or the Salvage Corps who shortly afterwards stood in the dock to answer the charge.

Altogether it is high time that a higher court should be appointed which can control the coroners when they behave in a puerile fashion, as they so frequently do. Failing that, it might not be a bad thing if the duties of the coroner were handed over to the police where all inquests on dead people are concerned, and that the coroner should only be permitted to hold inquiries into treasure trove, which is in fact one of their duties and which they would probably be capable of doing in good taste.

Coroner and a Chain of London Tragedies

Praise for Widow's Attitude to "Other Woman" Who Killed Herself

A WIDOW'S attitude towards the "other woman" was described by the West London coroner as "very generous" at the inquest on a postman to-day.

Tuesday, July 25, 1933

Coroner Criticises Brighton Authorities After Sea Tragedy

MR. W. D. PESKITT, the coroner, at a Brighton inquest to-day, criticised the action of the town authorities in allowing an old disused sewer-pipe to remain a danger to bathers at a spot opposite Western-street, on the Western Front. He said:

"This is not the first accident or death that has been caused in consequence of this pipe

Died in Faking An Attack by Footpads

Coroner Solves Riddle of Man Who Was Found Gagged and Bound in a Stream

"I find that Watts died from suffocation as the result of simulating, by his own act alone, an attack on himself by footpads."

London Train Chef Inquest: Coroner and "Serious Charge" Against a Witness

From Our Own Correspondent

RHYL, Tuesday.

AT the inquest on Frank Cecil Curtis, of Caledonian-road, King's Cross, at Rhyl to-day, the coroner, Mr. F. Llewellyn Jones,

attendants was unconscious on the platform. He found Curtis lying on his face.

A man accompanied him on the platform. He wore a light mackintosh, was tall, and had fair hair.

Replying to Mr. Russell Lloyd, representing

THE CORONER IN THE NEWS: From one issue of *The Evening Standard* of a few days ago

Drawn for "The Sphere" by Coles

CHEMISTS IN CONFERENCE: PERSONALITIES AT THE PHARMACEUTICAL BANQUET

Once in every decade London is chosen as the venue for the annual British Pharmaceutical Conference. This year's delegates have come from all parts of the world including Canada, New Zealand, Australia, Belgium, France, Denmark, and Germany, so that once again the conference sustains its truly International character. On Tuesday of last week a "Sphere" artist visited Grosvenor House and, during the banquet, drew for our readers his impressions of some of the more prominent notabilities. As may be imagined, the post-prandial speeches were in lighter vein than those at the conference proper. Lord Macmillan, in an entertaining address of welcome, referred to the time when he was chairman of the committee investigating the methods of preparation of the British Pharmacopoeia. He had looked up the old Pharmacopoeia in the library of the College of Physicians. It was one of the most horrific documents he had ever seen. The Pharmacopoeia of 1618 contained prescriptions which were only equalled by the witches brew in *Macbeth*. They were the most appalling hell's broth he had ever read of. One prescription contained over a hundred different ingredients, on the principle, presumably, that if you used a machine gun you might hit something.

THE DEPARTMENT OF SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL RESEARCH FUEL STATION: A general view of the station at Riderway, Blackwall Lane, East Greenwich, giving an idea of the extensive factory-laboratory necessary for coal research

How the Government Proposes to Relieve the Nation of its Complete Dependence upon Foreign Supplies of Liquid Fuel and, through the Perfected Process of Hydrogenation, to Restore the British Coalfields to Prosperity

By LANCELOT LAWTON

July 17, 1933, will be an historic date. On that day the Prime Minister made an announcement in the House of Commons which, I believe, will mark the beginning of an industrial transformation not less important than that brought about more than a century ago by the introduction of steam power. This announcement took the form of a statement that the Government had resolved to grant a substantial preference over a period of years in respect of all motor spirit derived from British coal. Such guarantee was all that was required to render large-scale production practicable. Immediately after the intentions of the Government had been made known the Imperial Chemical Industries announced that a plant capable of an initial yearly output of 100,000 tons of petrol from coal would be erected at Billingham-on-Tees. The process to be employed, known as hydrogenation, is applicable to a wide range of British coals. Consequently there is every reason to suppose that one day similar plants will be set up in other areas, thus transforming British coal-fields into British oil-fields, and relieving the nation of that dependence upon foreign supplies of liquid fuel which proved so perilous in time of war and is so costly in time of peace.

It is to the late Lord Melchett that England is indebted for the oil-from-coal development which is about to take place. The process itself, which is the greatest scientific discovery of our epoch, was invented by Dr. Bergius, the distinguished German chemist, who was awarded the Nobel Prize for his achievement. From the start Lord Melchett had faith in it, and early took measures to acquire the British rights for the Chemical Corporation which he founded. At that time Dr. Bergius employed more than one hundred men in his laboratory, and the financiers who backed him had spent at least £1,000,000 upon the process which as yet was far from being ready for commercial development. Lord Melchett gave instructions that a small plant should be erected at Billingham and the experiments continued. Gifted scientists were engaged upon this task and no expense was spared. Eventually all the groups of different nations interested in the process pooled their knowledge, with the result that exploitation on a commercial scale became possible. The contribution of British scientists was no small one. But the genius of the business, the force that gave it momentum, was Lord Melchett. As an example of imaginative daring and practical foresight his action on this occasion bears comparison with the memorable *coup* of another famous English Jew—the purchase of Suez Canal shares by Disraeli. It was greatly to the credit of Lord Melchett's successors that they continued and brought to fruition his big work.

From the beginning to the end the experiments must have cost an enormous sum. As we have seen, the financiers behind Dr. Bergius spent £1,000,000. Imperial Chemical Industries spent another £1,000,000. Other groups must have spent more than £1,000,000. Three million pounds is a large sum; but in all probability the process will prove to be worth milliards.

The decision to proceed with the industrial development of hydrogenation is specially gratifying to THE SPHERE and to the writer of this article. I became acquainted with the process in its earlier stages and made a close study of its principles and progress. Impressed with its vital importance for England, the next step was to make its character and possibilities widely known. Lord Melchett placed special facilities at my disposal, and a visit to Billingham revealed the first small plant being constructed. Many scientists sniffed at coal-hydrogenation, and newspapers of standing were shy of mentioning it! THE SPHERE was one of a select number of publications which had the vision to show appreciation of it. From time to time this journal devoted considerable space to the subject and formulated proposals for development.

Billingham has been chosen to become the first British "Baku" because it is the location of the well-known nitrogen-from-air works, another enterprise indispensable to the nation which was started by the late Lord Melchett. The principles of this process are similar to those of coal-hydrogenation, and in both instances large quantities of hydrogen are required. Ammonia-synthesis by which nitrogen from the air is "fixed" is effected by a combination of hydrogen with nitrogen, while coal-hydrogenation is brought about by a combination of hydrogen with coal. Billingham, where facilities exist for the manufacture of hydrogen on a great scale, is therefore the natural site for the first large coal-oil works in this country.

The achievement of the process can be stated in simple terms. In normal bituminous coal the ratio between carbon and hydrogen is about sixteen to one, in fuel oil about eight to one. The conversion of coal into oil is accomplished by doubling the hydrogen quantity.

A theory held as to the origin of crude oil suggests that Nature herself is the originator of coal-hydrogenation. The presence of hydrogen in the interior of the earth is deduced from the fact that it is contained both in rocks and volcanic gases. It is believed that coal at lower depths combines with this hydrogen under pressure and is thus in part changed into oil.

Dr. Bergius' method was in effect an intensive reproduction of Nature's method. In high-pressure "bombs" (or converters) which might be compared with the interior of the earth at temperatures between 400 and 500 deg. C., the requisite hydrogen was added to the coal, which was thus converted almost completely into oil. Revolution and reconstruction took place at one and the same time.

Yet, although the results were deeply interesting to the scientific world, they were not capable of commercial application. Control of temperatures was unsatisfactory; and the quantity and variability of the kind and quality of more valuable products derivable from the oil (as for example motor spirit, kerosene, and lubricating oil) were small.

Meanwhile other scientists were at work in the same field. Their efforts were directed chiefly to the discovery of suitable catalysts. The catalyst is a substance which wields mystical power in the chemical world. While it starts and controls reaction and averts secondary and undesirable ones, it comes through the whole process unscathed and unchanged.

From the start the quest for suitable catalysts for coal-hydrogenation seemed hopeless; for coal contained poisons such as sulphur and oxygen, known to be destructive of all substances hitherto used as catalysts. But, as not rarely happens in research, investigation in one direction accidentally yielded results applicable in another. Engaged upon hydrogenation of carbon monoxide and carbon dioxide, scientists found a new category of catalysts little susceptible to contact poisons. This was the crowning achievement.

Variation of the catalyst led to variation in the more valuable products derivable from the process; motor spirit, kerosene, gas oil, lubricating oils were produced at will. Similar results were obtainable when the raw material used was not coal, but mineral oil or tar obtained from the low-temperature distillation of coal. By a device of his own imagination, Dr. Bergius adhering to Nature's method had converted coal into oil at a much more rapid rate than she could do; by the discovery and addition of magical substances other scientists enormously increased the value of the production from his process. But the real secret of the transmutation remains undiscovered. It is hidden in the catalyst. The catalyst is the shrine of the invisible spirit which is the true creator of the great oil-from-coal industry.

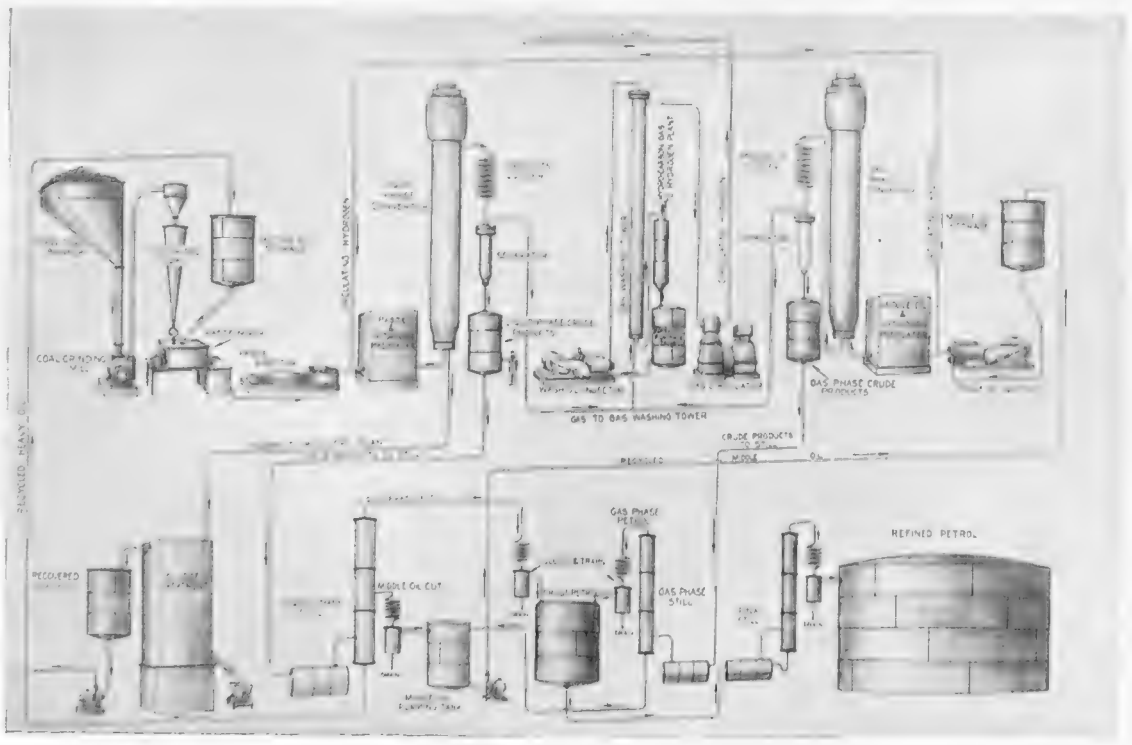

DIAGRAM OF HYDROGENATION PLANT showing the process of producing refined petrol from raw coal, specially drawn for "The Sphere" by Imperial Chemical Industries

JOLLYROLL, THE BEAVER, and Other Fellows of Interest

A RED INDIAN AND HIS TAME BEAVER: Grey Owl, an Indian who won fame as a Canadian Scout in the Great War, and his tame beaver, Jollyroll, a constant companion who has actually made his home against the end of Grey Owl's cabin. The couple live in the forests north of Prince Albert, Saskatchewan

JOLLYROLL IN PERSON: The beaver questions the right of the photographer to take pictures of his domain. From head to tail he is nearly 2½ ft. long

JOLLYROLL MAKES HIMSELF AT HOME IN GREY OWL'S CABIN: Note the masses of wood and bark piled against the wall. In order to procure this bark food the beaver, with his chisel-edged teeth, will cut down a tree by gnawing a ring round the base. The incision is always deeper on the side nearest the river so that the trunk will fall conveniently into the water

A BEAVER DAM: This strange structure of sticks and poles is made by the rodents to widen the area and increase the depth of water round their homes—thus making possible an under-water escape from unwelcome intrusion. The beavers exhibit amazing ingenuity in the making of these dams, and even have the intelligence, or instinct, to keep a constant level of water by modifying the outlet sluice

A NEW ARRIVAL FROM "DOWN UNDER": A Tuatera lizard which has just been brought to the London Zoo from New Zealand. The species is now almost extinct

A RARE EVENT took place recently at the Berlin Zoo when this elk gave birth to twins. Both are particularly strong and, in spite of their somewhat cramped surroundings, are reported to be making excellent progress

BOOKS

By CECIL ROBERTS

MR. PETER FLEMING, author of *Brazilian Adventure*—the story of an expedition which went in search of Colonel Fawcett. Published by Jonathan Cape

MISS MARGERY SHARP, whose new novel, *The Flowering Thorn*, is the first recommendation of the Book Society for August. The publishers are Arthur Barker

"Kings in Exile"—Dr. Otto Ernst Surveys the Careers of Deposed Monarchs—the Kaiser and His £40,000,000 Fortune: "Brazilian Adventure"—in search of Colonel Fawcett: Lucid Writing by Mr. Francis Brett Young

Justice was never so openly mocked as in the case of the German Emperor. He has lived to a ripe old age, he is still surrounded with sycophants and adulation, he is able to persuade himself that he was in no way a disaster to his people, and out of the immense ruin he spread over Europe he has contrived to save a colossal fortune. He is to-day a multi-millionaire. Moreover, being *heitmatlos*, he pays no taxes. He lives in a pleasant castle, crammed with treasures, carpets, furniture, pictures. He holds a mimic Court, and gives "State" banquets, with rows of powdered footmen and a be-medalled company curtseying and heel clicking.

"Whoever is granted an audience and receives a written invitation from the Court Marshal's office must first report at the latter's office, which is housed in a large front building next to the park entrance. A short lesson in Court ceremonial is imparted to the visitor: how he should bow—right low—how he must look at the Kaiser, etc., then he is conducted farther by a Court secretary. . . . The entire fortune of the Kaiser in exile, not counting jewellery and art treasures, is valued at six hundred million gold marks, or nearly £40,000,000 at the present rate of exchange, which represents an income of about a million and a half pounds per annum." Thus writes Dr. Otto Ernst in his book, *Kings in Exile* (Jarrolds. 18s.). Compare this condition with that of the unhappy King Alfonso who is homeless, and, it is reported, has a fortune of only £5,000 a year on which to maintain himself and the family. The monarch who fared worse is Otto of Hapsburg. His mother retrieved little from the wreck, but she has made a valiant fight for her son. He has been brought up with the one idea of restoration. His position is difficult; no place remains for the setting up of the Hapsburg throne except in Hungary, and Hungary will not have the alien rule of the Hapsburg. Foreign diplomacy sees no advantage in backing Otto's claims. Only his mother remains insistent. She has had him proclaimed an Hungarian Prince, his entourage address him as "Your Majesty," and there the matter seems to end. He has been quietly educated, he resides in Belgium, he has no guilt upon his hands, but he could easily plunge Europe into bloodshed with an adventurous gesture. Will he be content to remain a private citizen of the world? He has reached manhood; a small group expects from him an effort for restoration. He seems faced with a terrible dilemma.

No one feels sorry for ex-Czar Ferdinand of Bulgaria. He played a tricky game and he lost, though he has managed to keep a fortune and to enjoy a rich old age in great luxury at Coburg. It happens that he is one of the most intelligent and cultured royalties alive, a man of great charm and erudition. Had he been less clever fortune might have been less fickle. But he was adroit enough. When Bulgaria declared war he was unable to remove his property from the Bank of England in time. "Ferdinand insisted upon the full equivalent of this property sequestered in a hostile country being guaranteed by treaty against whatever contingency might arise. He demanded and obtained of Germany that, in the event of an unfavourable outcome of the war, the German Empire would be responsible for his maintenance according to his station. When Germany's post-War Government showed reluctance to pay these enormous amounts in full, Ferdinand insisted on his rights, and legally enforced the payment of everything to the last penny." He did much better than the victorious Allies. King Edward considered him "capable of any crime." In Coburg, in comfort, Ferdinand might observe that crime pays. Queen Victoria's nephew may have been a knave, but he was never a fool.

Dr. Ernst tells us that Amanullah lost his throne through love. Because of his wife he abolished polygamy, and the polygamist abolished Amanullah. It does not pay kings to be too enlightened. The author surveys the careers of some dozen deposed monarchs. Dr. Ernst is somewhat sketchy, but his book is a most entertaining panorama in purple.

Mr. Peter Fleming in his *Brazilian Adventure* (Cape. 12s. 6d.) has given us an adventure book of such a character that I shall never lend it to anyone for fear of losing it. He is probably unique in that he is the only person I have ever encountered who confesses to answering an advertisement in the *Times* "Agony Column." It would seem that no one advertises and no one answers, yet everyone reads that column before turning to world events. Out of it Mr. Fleming extracted an adventure that proves him to be a marvellous blend of a rash young man, a born-lucky adventurer and, incidentally, a most admirable and entertaining writer. Four hundred pages of this story of an expedition to discover the lost Colonel Fawcett and map the River of Death compel the unflagging attention of the reader, for Mr. Fleming, with an air of happy indifference, contrives to mask the often-desperate nature of this journey into the wilds of Brazil. It happened that no member of the expedition believed that Fawcett was alive, and it transpired that a perfectly satisfactory map of the river already existed.

The net result was futility, but what magnificent futility! Mr Fleming started with no illusions. He plunged into No Man's Land, the swampy jungle wherein Fawcett had disappeared, with no hope of finding gold, founding a colony, or awaking a hero. "Of course there is still plenty of adventure of a sort to be had. You can make it pay, with a little care; for it is easy to attract public attention to any exploit which is at once highly probable and absolutely useless. You can lay the foundations of a brief but glorious career on the Music Halls by being the First Girl Mother To Swim Twice Round the Isle of Man, and anyone who successfully undertakes to drive a well-known make of car along the Great Wall of China, in reverse, will hardly fail of his reward." Adventure came in the person of Major Pingle. The name is an invention of Mr. Fleming, but I am certain nothing else is. If only for the sublime study of the Major this book repays reading. The Major did not want to go up the Taprapé, he did not want to find Colonel Fawcett, in whose existence he had no faith. Mr. Fleming and his friends insisted on going on. It sounded like a suicide club. Major Pingle would have none of it. The intrepid adventurers then took the territory into their own hands. They invaded the jungle. The rest reads like a nightmare. Mr. Fleming seems to have enjoyed it. At twenty-four one can smack Death on the face and knock sparks off his scythe. Mr. Fleming and his company did this, with relish. They paddled, they waded; fever, insects, animals, natives, all were dealt with in turn. The canoe cracked and was plugged with a piece of shirt, "the water was grey, the land was black. The stars looked down, impersonal, unhelpful, and very far away. With aching arms we dug our paddles into the water; and nothing happened . . . on the thick black walls between which we strove so sullenly there was nothing by which we could gauge our progress. Advance was not registered perceptibly in that obscure world . . . only a thin and intermittent hem of phosphorous along the water's edge offered a landmark, told you where the river ended and the jungle began, bisected the black wall, dividing reality from reflection."

But surprise was often round the corner. They encountered an Archbishop. He must have been worth weeks of paddling—"a tall disconsolate man in a long black robe, violet stockings, and a kind of Gothic bowler hat with a sprig of green stuff tucked jauntily into the band." His double-decker launch was a little Woolworth Store on its own, a "floating Harvest Festival," Mr. Fleming happily termed it. The story ends, as all adventure stories should end, in a race between the party and the villain of the piece, with the hero just triumphant. Thus closes a unique adventure, told with unfailing wit, shrewd sense, and a nice gratitude to God for having made them Old Etonians. But this book requires no striped tie to commend it. Mr. Cape may have no hesitation in declaring *Brazilian Adventure* to be one of the most interesting books he has ever published. I cheerfully sat up all night to avoid skipping a page.

The other day I found myself in Bumpus's of Oxford Street, and a happy chance it was. There is a most fascinating exhibition that no one should miss who is at all interested in his own country and the literature it has provoked. An ingenious large-scale map shows the books that have arisen from localities, guide-books, essays and reflections, and fiction. The "plotting" has been most ingeniously done and is extremely up to date. One thing that strikes the observer at a glance is the density with which the Southern counties have been treated in fiction, and the still large "unwritten spaces" in the Midlands and the North. The northern novelist still has a large uncultivated field before him. Along with this exhibition there is a special show of the maps of the Ordnance Survey, and here one encounters a bewildering and rich choice for the walker and the motorist. An hour is all too little for this excellent exhibition, and the tourist in Great Britain will discover how richly he is catered for with books and maps wherever he intends wandering.

The Cage Bird (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is described as a collection of short stories by Mr. Francis Brett Young. There are thirteen stories in this collection, but scarcely one quite justifies the term "short story." Mr. Brett Young has discovered an excellent medium for his character studies. If anyone wishes to know what lucid writing is, here are thirteen superb examples. He has the infallible gift of taking the reader by the lapel and holding him, just as that poor Russian musician held the author in a Tunisian café with his lamentable story of a Mozart manuscript. Then there is the adventure of Lady Helena Pomfret in the gallery of Covent Garden. How nicely her passion for the artistic life is punctured! If I never quite believed any of these stories, I enjoyed them nevertheless. Reading them was like watching the flawless conjurer. Rabbits cannot possibly come out of hats, but how wonderfully impossibly they are made to come! At the end I murmured Browning—"I can always leave off talking when I hear a master play."

Some time ago I heartily commended *A Lawyer's Notebook*. When I first saw *More from a Lawyer's Notebook* (Secker. 5s.) I almost exclaimed "What a pity! He's going to spoil his reputation." I am wrong; the Lawyer can only have skimmed that fascinating notebook of his. The second vintage has as much bouquet as the first, and this book has held me long at the table with its riches of contemplation, criticism, and reminiscence. Here is an individualist who has always guarded against the herd instinct. He found Asquith in retirement a happy man, and by no means weighed down by a sense of injustice. He finds some good words to say of Horatio Bottomley. It transpires that Mr. Justice Hawkins was so impressed by Bottomley in court that he left him his wig and gown. The Benchers of the Inns of Court refused Bottomley admission and thus frustrated what might have been a career of exceptional brilliance. It may have warped Bottomley's mind and made him antagonistic to society. "Prejudiced as I was against Mr. Bottomley by his reputation, I was completely won by his quickness and intelligence in dealing with a subject which was obviously quite new to him. In the course of further conversation I appreciated more and more his love of individual liberty, his enthusiasm for the underdog, and his freedom from ordinary cant."

The gem of this collection is, I think, the letter from an old retainer giving advice upon the cure of asthma. "When the young snails come out of the trees after a shower of rain Mother would swallow one or two saying it would clear her chest, and it made me feel very sick, but she used to say if you suffered as I do you would swallow snails or anything else." One of the Lawyer's first literary excursions was an article in *Home Chat*. A young man of the name of Alfred Harmsworth wrote to him saying he could not pay for it, 15s., as the cashier had absconded. This second series leaves me unsatiated. Surely there is more?

Buck's Book (Grayson. 15s.) is the autobiography of Captain Herbert Buckmaster. He has backed horses, married actresses, run clubs, and lived expensively. He knows every well-known sportsman, and this book teems with Bills, Harrys, Tims, Jims, and Teddies. It is a world in which I feel like a crab on a parquet floor. The end is a philosophy of sublime simplicity. "A patriotic, disinterested National Party, backed by thousands of Boys' Clubs, will make the nation and bring it back to its former lustre."

THE SOCIAL SIDE

TEA FOR TWO AND HAY FOR ONE: The equestrian section of Lyons Sports Club is arranging riding lessons for its members in Richmond Park. These "Nippies" are seen making the acquaintance of one of their prospective mounts

CAPTAIN BRIAN FAIRFAX—LUCY and Miss Alice Buchan, daughter of Mr. John Buchan, M.P., Lord High Commissioner of the Church of Scotland, leaving St. Columba's, Pont Street, after their wedding on Saturday of last week

MR. "WINGY" WYNDHAM, the spectacular Hollywood stunt pilot and parachutist, chatting with Princess Paul Troubetzkoy during his visit to London

CAPTAIN STRELSKY AND HIS COSSACK SINGERS who are delighting London audiences at Kazbek, the new Russian restaurant at Romano's in the Strand. The restaurant has been attractively decorated in Muscovite style

THE GRAND-DAUGHTER OF HOLMAN HUNT: A hitherto unpublished portrait of Mrs. Villiers A'Court Bergne—artist, writer and linguist

MISS CONSTANCE CUMMINGS, the film star, and her husband, Mr. Benn Levy, the playwright, seen at Waterloo before their departure for America in the *Berengaria*

MISS EVELYN SPILSBURY, daughter of the famous pathologist, assisting in a display of modern lingerie at a recent cocktail party at the Hotel Splendide

PRINCESS INGRID (right) mingles with the shopping crowds during a morning visit to Bond Street. The Princess was a guest at last week's wedding of Lord Willoughby de Eresby and the Hon. Phyllis Astor

THE WEDDING OF THE WEEK: Lord Willoughby de Eresby and the Hon. Phyllis Astor in the grounds of Cliveden, Taplow, after their wedding on July 27. On the extreme left and right are Lady and Lord Astor. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attended by two pages, Master Jeremy Tree and Master David Metcalfe, and eight little bridesmaids

THE SPHERE of TRAVEL

THE HAMLET OF SAN FRUTTUOSO: A gem of the Riviera di Levante. The little church, containing the tombs of the Dorias, a famous Genoese family of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, overlooks one of the most delightful bays in Northern Italy

UP-TO-DATE VICHY: A general view of the famous resort, and, in the foreground, the thermal establishment of the Compagnie Fermière de Vichy. The town has all the advantages of a first-class spa and holiday-making centre

SUNSHINE and the LIGURIAN COAST

The sunny places of the Continent, where dull and cloudy weather is rare, are always recorded by the keen traveller in his notebook so that their joys may be experienced as opportunity occurs.

Just such a district is the Ligurian coast, whose lovely shore spans the jagged semicircle of the Gulf of Genoa; here the brilliancy of the sky competes with the phenomenal blueness of the Mediterranean, and which has rightly earned for itself the reputation of being one of the most beautiful jewels that Italy has to offer.

Peeping out from amongst the trees or hidden behind the sheltering arms of many inlets are to be found its towns and villages—some whose names are household words, and others whose beauty has been immortalized on the painter's canvas. Santa Margherita and Rapallo are two which instantly spring into mind. Aristocratic and fashionable, they have much to offer in the form of entertainment on their crowded promenades, sailing in the bay, or in the peacefully secluded walks inland.

Indeed, from Rapallo a delightful walk may be taken up the winding mule track of Mont Allegro, amongst the gnarled and twisted olive trees. Mules with gaily-coloured trappings, laden with provisions for the monastery at the summit, are likely to be encountered, and lend an air of medieval simplicity to the scene. At the highest point a sixteenth century church (somewhat restored), the walls of which are lined with memorial plaques, provides a vantage point for a wonderful view over the gulf.

Portofino, a tiny gem of loveliness, set in almost tropical surroundings, is easily reached by a winding coastal road. The fishing smack and private yacht lie in perfect safety in its land-locked harbour bordered with quaintly rugged, lime-washed houses. Many visitors neglect the tiny hamlet of San Fruttuoso, hidden away round the point.

SORI: A picturesque view of an ancient stronghold

Here a few fishermen's cottages cluster round an imposing church containing many tombs of the Dorias, that Genoese family of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries whose adventures made Italian history. The inn, locally renowned for the excellence of its fare, overlooks the shingled beach, and is protected by a wall thickly draped with nets. If the day be hot the clear waters of the miniature lagoon are very enticing, but so heated do the pebbles become that the bather is advised to tread warily!

Few of those who have visited this beautiful coast can forget Camogli and its harbour packed with curiously rigged fishing boats. The old houses are extremely picturesque, and give an indication of many rooms from the number of their shuttered windows, which seem unusually disproportionate to the size of the village, but nevertheless provide material for the artist who finds the attraction offered irresistible.

Along the cliffs above winds one of the most beautiful coastal roads in the world. From Sestri Levante, with its expansive seaward view between the masts of brightly coloured schooners, through Chiavari and on over the hills it goes, to plunge through woods and emerge down sinuous but skilfully engineered hairpin bends. It passes Recco and its popular bathing beach, also Sori, and so to Genoa, with its countless spires and towers and famous palaces.

H. Lamb

BEHIND RAPALLO: The mule track through the olive groves to Mont Allegro

TAKING THE CURE at VICHY

It is about this season of the year when many people put to themselves the question as to where they shall go to take the cure. When necessity compels there is no question about taking the cure, but there is a good deal of freedom of choice as to the place for the cure. You may wish to go to a large spa, or to a quiet and small one, to a place that is only a spa, where you will meet with none but those who, like yourself, are under treatment, or to a place which combines all the advantages of a first-class spa with the attractions of a first-class summer resort. If this be your wish, then you certainly cannot do better than pay a visit to Vichy.

There you will find natural mineral waters renowned for their therapeutic virtues from the days of the Romans downwards. The health-giving properties of the waters are due not to one salt alone, but to the presence of several, delightfully blended by Nature, and therefore of more efficacy in the cure of the various disorders of the human system; and the manner in which they are made available is a triumph of organization.

THE PAVILION in Vichy where water from the famous Célestins spring is served to those taking the cure

Vichy has several springs. There are the three hot springs of Grande Grille, Hôpital, and Chomel, and cold springs of Célestins, Hauterive, Le Parc, Mesdames, and Lucas, and what are termed the "hyperthermal" springs — Dôme, Les Lys, Boussange, and Cornélie. Each water has its special virtues, and all are utilised for treatment in a thermal establishment which is the largest in the world, magnificently built, and equipped in the most luxurious manner conceivable. Here the cure of the waters is aided by the curative application of heat—dry air, steam, and light baths, of electricity, infra-red, and ultra-violet rays, and X-rays. There is also a mechano-therapic section of the establishment where the variety of mechanical appliances to assist in restoring the full use of limbs, and of the muscles of every portion of the body, is amazing.

PARC DES SOURCES: A centre of social life in fashionable Vichy

And then there is a Hydrological Research Laboratory, maintained by the Compagnie Fermière de Vichy, which is under the scientific control of the Collège de France, which, apart from its work of supervising the mineral waters of the spa, observing their chemical composition and ensuring their perfect cleanliness, aids in topical hydrological research, and has on its staff a chemist and physiologist who are both Doctors of Medicine. For those who wish to drink the waters only there are several imposing drinking pavilions, each devoted to a certain spring, where the water can be taken in comfort, served by a special staff.

The charm of the cure at Vichy is—that the spa is so central, and blends

(Continued on p. 232)

VICHY WATER passing through the bottling factory

THE IMPOSING HALL of Vichy's thermal establishment

DEVIL-SKIN : FEATHERS : AND ELASTIC

Novelty Fabrics will be Popular in the Autumn and Several Interesting Newcomers have Already Won Honours in the Millinery World

Brims are Optional, but Crowns are Invariably High and Cunningly Draped in Sympathy with the Newest Versions of the Wide Shoulder Line

HELMETS of markedly military aspect will be seen with tailored dresses and coats. They are easy to wear, for the shallow, slanting brim is kind to the face, and the cleft crown has character without being aggressive about it. The very charming model at the head of this page comes from Swan and Edgar, and is expressed in navy-blue Devil-skin — an entirely new cire silk material with a coarse surface. It can, of course, be made in other colours, and is pleasingly inexpensive. There can be no doubt that brims are creeping back into favour, but always the crown is full, and is either unevenly dented, pulled up to a point at the back, or carelessly creased in a way that suggests it has been quickly smoothed down with both hands

CONICAL CAPS have a piquancy that cannot be denied, especially when the influence of shaded feather pads detracts from any suggestion of hardness. Actually, the Rose Descat model in the centre is composed almost entirely of soft feathers in shades of café-au-lait, amber, and white, the conical part being formed by a fold of velvet poised on the crown. It comes from Debenham & Freebody, and is pleasantly informal in a highly sophisticated manner

ELASTIC VELVET is the most revolutionary of the new millinery mediums. It is used for high-crowned caps that depend for their effect upon the angle at which they are worn. The advantage of a fabric that will gently cling to the hair is consequently very obvious. A particularly good version is seen on the right. It is included in the autumn collection at Swan and Edgar's, and is made in a very beautiful shade of blue as well as in a range of other colours

THE CONTINUED SUCCESS OF BALLET: David Lichine as Neptune in a scene from *Beach*—a popular ballet in the Alhambra programme

PLAYS a

Thirty Theatres Jackson Pursues Sir Gerald

The world of the stage—very much alive in spite of heat and holidays, for nearly thirty theatres are open in London, and some of them are making money—is at the moment mostly concerned with revivals and preparations. Malvern opened its Festival with a revival of *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, which is over 300 years old, and the Embassy at Swiss Cottage are closing their present season with a revival of *Beauty and the Barge*, which seemed to me to be over 3,000 years old, though in point of fact it is barely thirty.

I understand Mr. Ronald Adam, who directs the Embassy wisely and well, has special reasons of the sentimental sort for reviving this play; his father toured in the leading part for years. Mr. Adam has given us so much that is excellent that he may well be forgiven this little lapse, particularly as it has been so piously prompted.

LEON WOIZIKOUSKY: An Alhambra ballet star who has scored a great success during the present season

But I cannot understand how *Beauty and the Barge* can ever have been an amusing or more than mildly attractive play, though it must have been both. It made money for Cyril Maude in 1904, and I remember enjoying, with possibly callow fervour, an unprofessional visit in those distant days.

Farces to-day have to move swiftly. This one moves slowly, and is hampered with a plot not essentially farcical. If the reply to this is that it was not intended to be a farce at all, what is the old woman like Charley's Aunt doing in it, also the diminutive bar tender, and the fat deck hand who pretends to have a fit? Mr. W. W. Jacobs' delightful barge folk belong to comedy rather than farce, for they are photographic. One feels they are real. But I feel also that they are better to read about than to see on the stage; they do not "act" well.

Mr. Hugh E. Wright was wizened and crabbed as Captain Bailey, whom Mr. Cyril Maude used to make rather a jolly old soul, but it was a good performance. Miss Thea Holme was demurely attractive as an Edwardian maiden in the clothes of the epoch, and Miss Barbara Gott exploited cleverly some bar-maid (and also machine-made) humour. There was a tail to the team.

The Malvern Festival.—The Malvern Festival is this year without a new Shaw play, or arrivals of critics by aeroplane, or anything more exciting in the Shavian line than Mr. Shaw himself.

Sir Barry Jackson's policy of *The English Drama through the centuries* is proving interesting, if a trifle academic. The century I sampled amid the Malvern hills was *The Dancing Girl*, aetat. 42, which is old for dancing girls, anyway. However, the late Henry Arthur Jones had such a sound sense of stage technique that the machinery does not creak any more than it does in, for example, *Diplomacy*—that is to say it forms a very acceptable entertainment. The contrast of a girl leaving home for an attractive ducal *roué* smacks to-day of musical-comedy or the cheap novel; but Miss Pamela Carme, who played the girl, lessened the contrast by displaying a very aristocratic Carme indeed.

This may have upset the balance of the play and is certainly not what the author, or possibly even Miss Carme herself intended. But it brought things up-to-date, for nowadays there are few situations where icy correctness of demeanour is so much *de rigueur* as those which involve women who, as they say, are "living in sin." Most repellently virtuous are the non-virtuous of 1933.

Mr. Bruce Belfrage was as realistic a duke as the part allowed him to be, and Mr. Wilson Coleman was "in fine frenzy rolling" as the wayward lady's indignant Quaker father.

It was all far from tedious. But I do not think we shall see *The Dancing Girl* in London again. Unless, perhaps, someone writes some music round it and lets the dancing girl dance, good and hard, instead of being Junoesque.

Ballet at the Alhambra.—The Russian Ballet season at the Alhambra has still more than a week to run. The end of the social season, weather conditions, the call of the sea, and all the rest of it, have had no effect whatever on the present *renaissance* of ballet, with the corresponding and essential financial support.

It is not true to say, as has been said, that people are flocking to the Alhambra merely because this is a slack time in theatre-land and that the list of theatrical entertainments is, for the moment, small. It is by no means small, and compared with the lists of a generation ago, at this time of the year, it is both long and attractive.

With such plays running in August as *The Lake*,

AT THE WEBBER-DOUGLAS THEATRE: Violet Lynch as Elisetta, and Barbara Howard as Fidalma in the production of Cimarosa's *The Secret Marriage*, staged at this theatre on July 21 and 22

The Late Christopher Bean, *The Green Bay Tree*, *It's You I Want*, *Ten Minute Alibi*, *Proscenium*, *He Wanted Adventure*—to pick out a few "winners" at random—and a couple of quite good revues, there is no question of the public patronizing ballet because there is little else to patronize. They go to ballet because they like it and because it is in this case extremely efficient—and more than efficient.

All the new productions have been good, and the latest, and last, of the novelties, *Nocturne*, is, I think, the best, with the exception of that masterpiece, *Les Presages*. To make a tabloid version of Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* wholly charming when not a word of Shakespeare's language is spoken and when the only poetry is the poetry of motion is not an easy matter.

A comparison between the ballet and the play is not only interesting but at the moment possible in an active sense;

nd FILMS in AUGUST

Struggle through the Heat Wave: Sir Barry an Academic Policy at the Malvern Festival: du Maurier Prepares for South Africa

By PHILIP PAGE

for one can see the *Dream* acted in Regent's Park in the afternoon and danced at the Alhambra in the evening to elegant, if somewhat bloodless, music. Young M. Lichine has been responsible for the choreography, and has, naturally enough, learned much from M. Massine, an admirable example. There is nothing in it of the erratic preciousness of the later developments of the Diaghileff organization. Most exquisitely is it performed by Mlle Riabouchinska, Mlle Danilova, and a cast which includes M. Lichine himself as Puck.

I hear, by the way, that this company will be in London again in the late autumn and devoutly hope that the rumour is true.

A TALENTED BRITISH STAR: Miss Renée Macready who has just returned to England after a flying visit to Hollywood where she appeared in several films for which she was specially needed

Sir Gerald.—When the run of *Diplomacy* ends Sir Gerald du Maurier will probably go to South Africa. "Negotiations are practically complete," he tells me, "and I am much looking forward to the experience. I shall take with me a considerable number of plays—as far as possible those that have never been seen in that part of the world before. That will not be easy, since so many English companies have already visited South Africa with London successes."

Of all our eminent actors Sir Gerald is probably the least-travelled—that is to say in the professional sense. He has had a long and unbroken innings in the West End and has rarely visited even the provincial towns of Great Britain. Only once has he played in America, and that was when he went there with Tree as long ago as 1896.

I find it hard to believe that he has been on the stage for close on forty years.

Elizabeth Bergner.—That Miss Elizabeth Bergner is to appear in person on the London stage is good news. She is a superb actress. But in a Buckinghamshire garden which is where I met her on a sweltering afternoon with Margaret Kennedy, the novelist, who is writing a play for her, one does not feel this, which is intended as a compliment, for superb actresses have a knack of throwing their superbness about in private with uncomfortable effect. *Debellare superbos* is a wish only too often on my mind in such circumstances.

Miss Bergner is a slim, rather freckled, red-haired girl who speaks with a German accent and no affectation whatever. Even when she tripped up and cut her knee on the garden path she was perfectly natural and let slip an opportunity for a performance at which certain ladies of the stage would have grasped with avidity.

Her English is good enough for her to have broadcast, as she did the other day, in an Ibsen play, and it is rapidly getting better. She played Tessa in the Berlin version of *The Constant Nymph*, and I would like one day to see her performance as Saint Joan, which I understand was marvellous.

In such films as I have seen her—notably that recently with a pathetic story of a sick musician with a wife torn between her duty to him and her love for another—Miss Bergner has show us the art of the film at its very highest. No Hollywood star is within any distance of her.

A NON-STOP THRILLER AT THE HAYMARKET: Maisie Darrell and the clock in *Ten Minute Alibi*, Anthony Armstrong's successful thriller which has now passed its 200th performance. Originally rejected by nineteen London managers, *Ten Minute Alibi* has now been bought for production in twenty-three foreign countries

"Pilgrimage."—America in Europe is not so war-conscious as she was a few years ago, when Paris was full of gold-star mothers and salutings round the tomb of Lafayette, and the marchings and counter-marchings of transatlantic veterans who had stuck it from 1918 to the very end. That atmosphere is recalled in effective film-fashion in *Pilgrimage* at the New Gallery. The heroine is a gold-star mother, who would have been a more human person had she associated more frequently with a few three-star fathers; for she is a narrow, bigoted type of American matron from the remoteness of Arkansas, with a heart as hard as the local rocks. However, the emotion is there in attractive slabs, and the tranformation of that repellent mamma into a being wiser and more kindly holds the attention, largely because of the fine performance of Miss Henrietta Crosman.

AT THE MALVERN FESTIVAL: A general view of Sir Barry Jackson's Company in the grounds of the Winter Gardens. Those in the front row include Mr. H. K. Ayliff, producer, Sir Barry Jackson, Miss Phyllis Sands, Mr. Cyril Phillips, Mr. Paul Shelving, and Mr. Ernest Thesiger

THIS SIX-TON LORRY plunged down a steep bank on the Deal-Sandwich road last week. The driver was pinned beneath the wreckage and only extricated after two hours of frantic effort

THE TEST OF STAMINA: This 8-h.p. Citroën car has just finished a record breaking run of over 300,000 kilometres at Montlhéry, Paris. Except for periodic stops to take on petrol and oil the car ran continuously for five months. It is now to be taken apart for examination

KEEPING PACE WITH THE TIMES: Members of the Gravesend Police Force photographing the scene of an accident. They are now carrying cameras as part of their equipment and as a means of securing pictorial evidence

A POTENTIAL RECORD BREAKER: Mr. John S. Cobb trying out at Brooklands the new 170 miles-an hour Napier Lion racing car in which he is planning to travel at more than two miles a minute for more than 24 hours on the Montlhéry track, Paris

THE TOLL OF THE ROAD: A week-end motor smash near Deal at a hedgeless corner. One car hit the other with such force that both turned over and threw the occupants into the road

WHAT THE NAVY USE: Vice-Admiral E. G. R. Evans, Commander-in-Chief of the South African Squadron, about to enter the Morris 25 in which he drove during a recent visit of the Fleet to Port Natal (Durban). In the background is the flagship, H.M.S. *Carlisle*

THE PETROL WORLD

Training of the Mobile Police—a Chance to Prove their Worth: The A.A. Enhances its Prestige

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

One of the most difficult yet one of the most pleasing tasks that I undertake during the week's work is going through the application forms for membership of the Order of the Road. After having examined the voluminous details given by, say, fifty applicants I begin to realize that the lot of a magistrate is not so leisurely as people in court sometimes imagine. True, he has all the interest of having individuals in front of him, and I think that personal observation frequently assists in coming to a just decision. With the members of the executive committee of the Order of the Road I do my best to give a fair judgment on the applications, for although the time spent is quite lengthy there is the satisfaction of knowing that if one's decision has been correct one more good and careful driver has been added to the Order. I feel certain that this unique body of motorists which numbers now well over 2,000 has done definite good work through its own example, and I am more than convinced that the most efficacious way of improving driving on the road and thereby reducing the number of avoidable accidents is by roping in every good driver whose opinion of himself is backed up by his past motoring career. If increased membership was very rapid we should soon get to the position when a driver would look ahead to see if the oncoming car bore the Order's badge. If it did not, then a little extra caution would be taken.

There is another way in which the number of avoidable accidents could be materially reduced, namely, by the proper employment and proper training of the mobile police. Not so long ago the Earl of Cottenham, speaking at the annual conference of the Chief Constables' Association, gave the most astounding figures showing the decrease of accidents in the city of Edinburgh. If my memory serves me right I think the number of street accidents had been cut in half over a certain period and that Mr. Ross, the Chief Constable, accounted for the very satisfactory decrease by the presence of his mobile road police, who had been very carefully trained in their duties. I wonder if there are any other cities or counties that can proudly boast that the employment of their mobile police has reduced the number of accidents. Far too many of them, I am afraid, would have to confess that no such benefit has been noticed. Yet that is probably not the fault of the mobile constables themselves.

I have little hesitation in saying that I consider the majority of mobile police forces have not yet been given a chance to prove their worth. It is not sufficient to give a semi-trained driver a fast speed Twenty Alvis and let him loose on the roads with the idea that his presence there will reduce accidents. Unless he is trained in a similar manner to the men at Edinburgh his presence probably adds to the number.

If only the mobile police could all be given demonstrations and a course of lectures by really practical and sensible car drivers of long standing who are not themselves policemen, then I think we should find that the new detachments of our police forces would really be efficient and the number of accidents on the roads would materially decrease.

The great Automobile Association directed by a very able committee and that super-energetic secretary, Sir Stenson Cooke, are now rapidly driving on to the half-million mark of membership. When that landmark in the history of the A.A. has been reached it will be a source of congratulation to all those who work for and with Sir Stenson. Already the A.A. is the largest motoring organization in the world, but without doubt the half-million mark will add considerably to its prestige. Considering that much of their road work is placed at the disposal of every motorist whether he or she be a member or not, it is in some ways rather upsetting to think that they have not passed that half-million mark before. No other motoring body has come near them in numbers, so that when they do reach this very significant figure congratulations will be well merited.

At their annual general meeting the other week the year's balance sheet was issued and it was very gratifying to note that although their income grows as the years pass there is no frivolous expenditure, but on the contrary wise spending takes place, and the greater the income the more is spent for the benefit of members. During the presidential address by Mr. Charles McWhirter, who is chairman of the committee of the association, the subject of English hotels was mentioned and I was pleased to learn that the A.A. considered that the majority of hotels had considerably improved. I am afraid that we all at times have reason to complain of the comfort and fare provided, but we are apt to forget that hotel proprietors labour under great hardships due not only to the restrictions of the Licensing Act, but also to the fact that sanction has to be obtained from the justices before any improvement can be made to the premises, even when it was desired to instal a new bathroom.

"THE SPHERE'S" CUP: This trophy by Mappin and Webb is to be presented by "The Sphere" to the competitor gaining the highest number of marks with a Riley Six in the second Cotswold Six Reliability Trial. The contest, which is organized by the Riley Motor Club, is to take place on October 7

Correction

An illustration appeared in THE SPHERE of July 8 of Major Kenneth Savory's 21-60-h.p. Wolseley which won a prize at the Eastbourne Concours d'Élégance. It was mentioned beneath the picture that the body was built to the owner's special design. This we now find to have been incorrect. This body was copied at Major Savory's request from the "Owen Sedanca Coupé," a registered design by Messrs. H. R. Owen, Ltd., of 17, Berkeley Street, London, W.1.

HENCEFORTH

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P.A.32.

ONE MONTH of HISTORY

(Continued from p. 208)

fomented by the Blanket Plan and the threat of dollar inflation. The rise was reflected in London, where the City saw scenes that recalled the boom of 1929.

Speculative shares went sky-high. United Molasses rose by 8s. 3d. to 21s. in one day, and the rise in Distillers (helped by signs that American Prohibition would be repealed before January) was as pronounced. U.S. and international counters rocketed. On Wall Street's biggest day in July 7,450,000 shares changed hands, at the rate of 1,500,000 an hour.

Sudden crash followed sudden boom. Sensational falls hit the U.S. markets on July 19, starting in alcohol and spreading to wheat, cotton, all other commodities, and nearly all industrial shares. Next day stocks slid further on a warning from General Johnson of crisis ahead. National Distillers hurtled down twenty-two points. There was an avalanche of selling, and a turnover in one day of 8,120,000 shares.

Panic conditions grew on the third day, when 9,570,000 shares changed hands on Wall Street amid wild selling, and listed values lost more than £600,000,000 in paper value. "Wall Street went for another toboggan ride" cabled the correspondents.

Banks refused to lend further money, and "clerks faced with piles of correspondence, became hysterical in the great heat while working all night to clear up the mess. When they 'downed tools' they took hold of masses of papers and threw them like confetti all over the offices."

The Chicago Wheat Pit, following the previous day's stampede, was closed by order of that city's Board of Trade, and grain trading was suspended in Kansas, "to allow overheated operators to cool off." The Wall Street authorities kept the stock markets closed until noon each day, to allow the clerks to cope with their work.

Shares and commodities rose again before the end of the month, but more steadily and warily, while the speculators awaited signs of success or failure for the great American experiment.

ROYALTY.—Our own King and Queen, busy with hospitality, quietly celebrated at Buckingham Palace the fortieth anniversary of their marriage. The King, at his public appearances, seemed to be in excellent health.

OBITUARY.—Sir John Ellerman, Bart, the richest Englishman, died suddenly. He was an always upright millionaire who rose from an accountant's clerk to be controller of huge shipping interests, owner of large properties in London, and chief proprietor of many great firms (including, some years ago, the company owning THE SPHERE and sister journals). He shunned publicity during his life; and his widow made a dignified protest against the system that forced reporters and photographers to intrude into her private grief.

Lord Burnham, former proprietor of *The Daily Telegraph*, Chairman of a famous Commission on India (and of several other Government commissions) and tireless worker for charities, also died during the month.

SPORT.—July was crowded with sporting tension; in which Britain and the Empire won tardy victories. At Wimbledon J. Crawford, from Australia, took the men's singles from Ellsworth Vines, of U.S., last year's winner, and Dorothy Round, a new English star, reached the final of the women's singles before losing to Helen Wills, imperturbable as usual.

Perry and Austin, playing brilliantly in Paris, beat the American singles experts in a Davis Cup semi-final, and then won the Cup for England (first time since 1912) by beating the French champions.

Finally, in golf, Britain beat America for the Ryder Cup, though not until the last stroke of the very last hole, when Easterbrook sank a two-foot putt, but the American Shute missed his six-foot putt by one inch.

ATLANTIC FLIGHTS.—The season for flying the Atlantic came later than usual. It opened in July when Wiley Post, a one-eyed American aviator of half-Indian race, made the nineteenth air crossing from West to East. Using as a help to stable direction a robot control called "Iron Mike," he claimed to have been able to fly without compass through fog. He continued to make a "round the world" record in under eight days. The phrase was inexact, however; he flew round what was nearly the top of the world and covered 15,596 miles, whereas the equator circle measures 24,902 miles.

Twenty-five Italian sea boats, manned by 100 bachelor pilots and commanded by black-bearded General Balbo, Signor Mussolini's young Air Minister, flew in exciting stages from Italy to the Chicago World Exhibition, viâ Amsterdam, Londonderry, Iceland, Labrador, and Lake Michigan. Only one machine was wrecked, and fine organization kept together the other twenty-four craft across 6,065 miles. The so-called Air Armada was met by 1,000,000 people on the shore of Lake Michigan. In faraway Rome great crowds rushed through the streets at midnight, waving torches and singing Fascist songs.

In England Lord Londonderry had a good press when, during July he became the first British Air Minister to obtain a flying certificate. Polite newspapers did not compare him with General Balbo.

Jim Mollison and Amy Mollison left Pendine Sands, in Wales, in their aeroplane *Seafarer*, on a non-stop East to West Atlantic crossing (much more difficult than those from West to East). They achieved "the first Atlantic flight by husband and wife," reached Newfoundland in twenty-eight hours, passed over Nova Scotia and Maine, but crashed by landing down-wind in the dark, at an aerodrome at Bridgeport, only sixty miles from New York. Slightly injured, they were carried to hospital on stretchers made of fabric cut from the wrecked *Seafarer*. After they left for New York, Bridgeport stayed in the news a day longer by christening a baby, born during the crash, Amy Mollison Stafford.

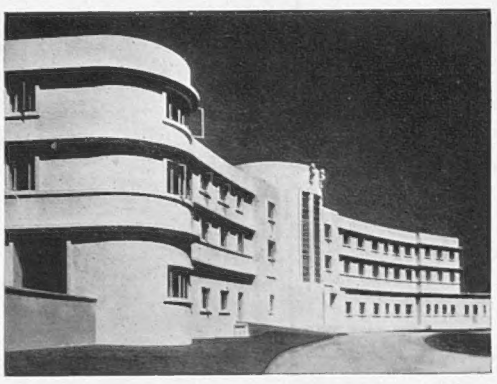
A. B.

TAKING THE CURE AT VICHY

(Continued from p. 226)

so with the general life of the town, that those who are undergoing treatment are not, as it were, a class apart. They mix in the larger society of Vichy, which, in the season, is a very smart one, and for which there are the attractions of one of the finest casinos in the world, where you may hear some of the best music in Europe, also opera, see first-class ballets and plays, and take a turn at the tables. Theatres, music-halls, and cinemas add to the lighter side of life, and at the leading hotels, renowned the world over for their comfort and cuisine, there are excellent orchestras, with dancing in the afternoons and evenings.

On the sporting side there is the widest possible choice, for, under the auspices of the Vichy Sporting Club, you can play golf on a fine 18-hole course, tennis on hard courts, row on or swim in the river Allier, or bowl on good, fast greens. At the Municipal Stadium you can see athletic meetings, cycle racing, and association and Rugby football, at the Hippodrome is held one of the best horse shows in France, and at the Allier racecourse there is a Grand Summer Meeting which gives eight days of racing.



THE NEW L.M.S. HOTEL AT MORECAMBE: The imposing modern building which Mr. Oliver Hill, R.I.B.A., has designed for the Company and which was recently opened by Lord Derby

A SEASIDE SUN TRAP: Another view of the Midland Hotel, Morecambe

The Midland Hotel, Morecambe, with its modern design and equipment, marks an entirely new phase in seaside hotel construction. It represents an effort to bring to an already prosperous and modernly designed seaside resort, the benefits of a really first-class hotel. The schemes of interior decoration and furnishing have also been chosen by Mr. Oliver Hill, while the furnishing textiles have been designed expresssly for the Hotel by such well-known artists as Allan Walton, Frank Dobson, and Duncan Grand. The Hotel has been built to conform to the line of a new sea wall and promenade which is being constructed by the Morecambe authorities, while a special surface, composed of white cement and carborundum, has been electrically polished to give the exterior walls a glistening white surface resembling fine marble. The hotel has accommodation on the first and second floors comprising forty guest rooms, three suites with private sitting rooms, and some twenty baths. Most of the rooms overlook the sea and have private sun balconies. A unique feature of the scheme, though independent of the hotel, is the circular café adjacent to and overlooking the proposed new swimming pool. This has accommodation, within and on the terrace, for some two hundred people at a sitting and also has a dancing floor

It has, too, lovely parks, charming shady walks, and restful public squares, tree-lined, where there are seats in plenty, and one may enjoy life quietly in the open air, while if you are at a loss for occupation for a few moments, then you will find it extremely interesting to obtain permission to visit the establishment where the famous Vichy-État waters are bottled, and to watch, at the Pastillerie, the process of manufacture of the valuable salts extracted by evaporation from the waters, into bath salts, pastilles, *comprimés*, and other products for which the Compagnie Fermière de l'Établissement Thermal de Vichy is so famous.

Edward E. Long.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

ADVANCE AUTUMN MODELS

One of the most interesting events of the fashion world will take place on August 15, 16 and 17, when a Private Show of Advance Autumn Models will take place at Marshall and Snelgrove's, of Oxford Street. London is now a recognized Fashion centre, and this display, which is co-incident with the opening of the Autumn Expositions in Paris, is a notable attempt to break away from tradition, and to show a really original collection of the models that will be worn during the coming months. This is the first occasion on which a display of this kind has been made at such an early date, and application for tickets of admission should be made to Marshall and Snelgrove without delay, as it is anticipated that the demand will greatly exceed the supply.

SOME SIGNIFICANT FIGURES

While people on all sides are asking one another whether they see any signs of improvement in business and many are replying that there is a better "feeling in the air," few have so far given facts to support their statements. The Research Department of the Advertising Association, however, has just issued some remarkable figures which tend to show conclusively that the slump is at an end. It has always been agreed that the first true sign of improvement would be an increase in the prices of raw materials. Here are a few which have shown a steady rise during the first half of 1933:

LONDON GOLD PRICES PER UNIT

	Dec. 1932		June 1933
Cotton	7	to	8½
Wool	23	to	27
Sugar	5¼	to	6
Tea	9⅓	to	11
Rubber	2½	to	3¼
Spelter	15½	to	17
Copper	30	to	over 38
Lead	11	to	13½
Tin	155	to	220

The department has also examined the balance sheets of some 1,200 public companies issued during the period January to June. It is found that, while during the first half year of 1932 only 377 companies showed increased profits, during the first half of 1933 no fewer than 539 companies—over forty per cent. more—showed increased profits. Among these companies of those which can appropriately do so the great majority consistently and persistently advertise their products. These include such well-known names as Armstrong Siddeley (motor cars), Liebigs (Oxo), Swan and Edgar (clothing), Cerebos (salt), Bradley's (furs), Mappin and Webb's (silver plate), Union Castle Steamship (tours), Morris (motors), Gamage's (sports goods and toys), Austin Reed (men's outfitters), Schweppes (mineral waters), Dunlop (rubber tyres and golf balls), Shell (petrol and oil), J. and P. Coats (sewing cotton), Sanitas (disinfectant) Yeast-Vite and Phosferine (medicines) and a great many others representative of all trades of importance.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Committee are endeavouring to provide special treats for those children who have been unable to leave the Society's Homes for holidays. There are over 300 children under the care of the Society, who have no one to go to at holiday time. If funds permit, expeditions could be arranged to such educational places as the Whipsnade Zoo, etc., etc. Will readers of THE SPHERE please send something towards this good cause, addressed to the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

THE SPHERE'S REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

Aberdeen - - The Caledonian Hotel
Aberystwyth - Hotel Victoria
Do. - Lion Royal Hotel
Do. - "Deva" Private Hotel
Alnwick - - White Swan Hotel
Alton - - - Swan Hotel
Anglesey - - Cliff Hotel, Trearddur Bay
Ashford - - Ye Olde Saracens Head Hotel
Aylesbury - - Crown Hotel

Banbury - - White Lion Hotel
Bangor (N. Wales) Castle Hotel
Bangor (Co. Down) Royal Hotel
Barmouth - - Marine Hotel
Barnstaple - - Waverley Hotel
Barrow-in-Furness Furness Abbey Hotel
Bath - - - Bath Spa Hotel
Do. - - - Grand Pump Room Hotel
Do. - - - Empire Hotel
Bembridge, I.O.W. Birdham Hotel
Bettws-y-Coed - Waterloo Hotel
Bexley, Kent - The Rising Sun Inn
Blackpool - - Empire Private Hotel
Do. - - Imperial Hotel
Do. - - Hotel Metropole
Blairgowrie - - Sharpe's Temperance Hotel
Blandford, Dorset Crown Hotel
Bognor Regis - Walton House, Walton Avenue
Do. - Gresham Hotel
Do. - Arlington Private Hotel
Boroughbridge - Three Arrows Hotel
Bournemouth - Branksome Tower Hotel
Do. - Branksome Dene Hotel
Do. - Boscombe Dene
Do. - Bourne Dene, Manor Road, East Cliff
Do. - Carlton Hotel
Do. - Cotford Hall Private Hotel
Do. - Cranborne Court Hotel, West Cliff
Do. - The Haven Hotel
Do. - Hotel Walmer
Do. - The Imperial Hotel
Do. - Marina House Private Hotel
Do. - Osborne Priory Hotel
Do. - Westminster Hall Hotel
Bowness-on-Windermere Rigg's Crown Hotel
Box Hill - - Burford Bridge Hotel
Bradford-on-Avon Old Court Hotel
Bridge of Allan - Allan Water Hotel
Brighton - - Belvidere Mansions Hotel
Do. - - Hollywood Hotel
Do. - - Old Ship Hotel
Broadway - - Lygon Arms Hotel
Bromley Hill, Kent Bromley Hill Court Hotel
Brora - - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - - Sutherland Arms Hotel
Bude - - - Falcon Hotel
Do. - - - Grenville Hotel
Budleigh Salterton Rosemullion Hotel
Buxton - - - The Bedford Hotel
Do. - - - The Old Hall Hotel

Carrigart (Co. Donegal) The Rosapenna Hotel
Catterick - - The Bridge House Hotel
Chagford - - Moor Park Hotel
Cheddar - - Cliff Hotel
Cheltenham - - Ellenborough Hotel
Do. - - Plough Hotel
Do. - - Pyatt's Hotel
Chester - - Queen's Hotel
Cirencester - - King's Head Hotel
Do. - - Wellesley House Hotel
Cliftonville - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Grosvenor Court Hotel
Do. - - Kingscliffe Hotel
Coniston - - Raeburn Hotel
Cork - - - Imperial Hotel
Criccieth - - Caerwylan Private Hotel
Do. - - Lion Hotel
Cromer - - - The Grand Hotel
Cromford, Matlock Greyhound Hotel

Dalkey (Co. Dublin) Cliff Castle Hotel
Dawlish - - - Sefton Hotel
Derby - - - Friary Hotel
Do. - - - Midland Hotel
Do. - - - York Hotel
Dornoch - - Sutherland Arms Hotel
Droitwich Spa - Impney Hotel
Do. - Raven Hotel
Dublin - - - Central Hotel
Do. - - - Royal Hibernian Hotel
Do. - - - Shelbourne Hotel
Dumfries - - County Hotel
Dundee - - Mather's Hotel
Dunkeld - - Birnam Hotel
Dun Laoghaire (Dublin) - Ross's Hotel
Do. - - Royal Marine Hotel

Eastbourne - - "Donnington," Enys Road
Do. - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Southdown Hotel
Do. - - The Chatsworth Hotel
Do. - - York House Hotel
Edinburgh - - Caledonian Hotel
Do. - - Cranstons Old Waverley Hotel
Do. - - Roxburghe Hotel
Do. - - Royal British Hotel
Elie - - - Marine Hotel

Falmouth - - Falmouth Hotel
Do. - - Royal Hotel
Folkestone - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Queen's Hotel
Fowey - - - Fowey Hotel
Do. - - - St. Catherine's Hotel

Glasgow - - Central Hotel
Do. - - - George Hotel, 235, Buchanan Street
Do. - - - St. Enoch Hotel
Gleneagles - - Gleneagles Hotel
Glengarriff (Cork) Golf Links Hotel
Gloucester - - New Inn Hotel
Do. - - Wellington Hotel
Do. - - Spread Eagle
Goathland - - Goathland Hydro Hotel
Golspie - - - Sutherland Arms Hotel
Gorleston-on-Sea The Pier Hotel
Greenock - - Tontive Hotel
Gt. Malvern - - Hardwicke Hotel
Greystones (Co. Wicklow) Grand Hotel
Guernsey - - Richmond Hotel
Guildford - - Shalford Park Hotel
Gullane - - - Bisset's Hotel

Hailsham - - Woodside Residential Hotel & Country Club
Halifax - - - White Swan Hotel
Harrogate - - Cairn Hydropathic Hotel
Do. - - Crown Hotel
Do. - - Granby Hotel
Do. - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Harrogate Hydro Hotel
Do. - - Majestic Hotel
Do. - - Wellington Hotel
Haslemere, Surrey Whitwell Hatch Hotel
Hastings - - Queen's Hotel
Heathfield - - Heathfield Hotel
Henley-on-Thames Imperial Hotel
Hereford - - Green Dragon Hotel
Hindhead - - Highcroft and Golfers Private Hotel
Horns Cross - - Hoops Inn
Hove - - - Courtlands Hotel
Do. - - - St. Catherine's Lodge Hotel
Hull - - - White House Hotel
Do. - - - Grosvenor Hotel
Do. - - - Imperial Hotel
Hythe - - - Sutherland House Hotel

Ilfracombe - - Crescent Hotel
Instow (N. Devon) Instow Private Hotel
Inverness - - Station Hotel

Kenilworth - - Arden House Hotel
Keswick - - County Hotel
Do. - - Keswick Hotel
Do. - - The Borrowdale Hotel
Do. - - Skiddaw Hotel
Do. - - Queen's Hotel
Do. - - Royal Oak Hotel
Kingstown (Co. Dublin) Ross's Hotel
Kingussie - - Star Hotel
Kyle of Lochalsh Loch Duich Hotel, Ardelve

Leamington Spa - Alkerton House Private Hotel
Do. - Crown Hotel
Do. - Maisonette Private Hotel
Leeds - - - Queen's Hotel
Leeming Lane - Newton House Hotel
Letchworth - - The People's House
Lincoln - - - Grand Hotel
Littlehampton - Southlands Hotel
Liverpool - - Adelphi Hotel
Do. - - Exchange Hotel
Do. - - North Western Hotel
Llandudno - - Empire Hotel
Do. - - Imperial Hotel
Loch Awe, Argyllshire Loch Awe Hotel
London - - - Ambassadors Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1
Do. - - - Arundel Hotel, Arundel Street, W.C.2
Do. - - - Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Rd., S.W.7

London - - - Berkeley Court Hotel, 29, Leinster Gardens, W.2
Do. - - - Craven Hotel, Craven Street, W.C.2
Do. - - - Cromwell House Private Hotel, 40, Courtfield Gardens, Kensington, S.W.5
Do. - - - Cumberland House Private Hotel, Kew Gardens
Do. - - - Euston Hotel, Drummond Street, N.W.1
Do. - - - Grafton Hotel, Tottenham Court Rd., W.1
Do. - - - Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.
Do. - - - Jules Hotel, 85-86-87, Jermyn St., Piccadilly, S.W.1
Do. - - - Midland Grand Hotel, Euston Road, St. Pancras, N.W.1
Do. - - - New Norfolk Hotel, London Street, W.2
Do. - - - Palace Hotel, Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1
Do. - - - Rembrandt Hotel, Sth. Kensington, S.W.
Do. - - - Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Sq., S.W.1
Do. - - - Ruskin Manor Hotel, 163, Denmark Hill, S.E.5
Do. - - - South Kensington Hotel, Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
Do. - - - Stafford Hotel, St. James's Place, S.W.1
Do. - - - Three Nuns Hotel, Aldgate, E.C.3
Do. - - - "Trevose," 68/70, Queensborough Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2
Do. - - - West Central Hotel, 101, Southampton Row, W.C.1
Do. - - - Wilton Hotel, Victoria, S.W.1
Lossiemouth - Stotfield Hotel
Lowestoft - - Esplanade Hotel
Do. - - Imperial Hotel
Lyme Regis - - Alexandra Hotel
Do. - - Pitt House Hotel
Do. - - Stile House Hotel
Do. - - The Bay Hotel
Lytham - - Clifton Hotel

Maidenhead - - Skindles Hotel
Do. - - Dumb Bell Hotel
Maidstone - - Royal Star Hotel
Manchester - - Midland Hotel
Mansfield, Notts - Midland Hotel
Matlock - - Rockside Hydro
Minehead - - Kingsway Private Hotel
Moretonhampstead Manor House Hotel
Morthoe - - Watersmeet Hotel

Newnham-on-Severn Victoria Hotel
Newquay - - Atlantic Hotel
Do. - - St. Rumon's Hotel
Do. - - Hotel Victoria
North Berwick - Marine Hotel
Northampton - Stag's Head Hotel
Nottingham - - The County Hotel
Do. - - The George Hotel

Oban - - - Great Western Hotel
Do. - - - Station Hotel
Oxford - - - Randolph Hotel

Paignton - - Paignton Palace Hotel
Do. - - Paignton Hydro
Do. - - Redcliffe Hotel
Penmaenmawr - Grand Hotel
Penrith - - - Ullswater Hotel
Perth - - - Station Hotel
Petersfield - - Fern Bank Private Hotel
Portheawl - - Esplanade Hotel
Do. - - Seabank Hotel

Ramsey, I.O.M. - Hotel Britannia
Reeth, Richmond Arkleside Private Hotel
Richmond (Surrey) Richmond Hill Hotel
Richmond (Yorks) The King's Head Hotel
Ripon - - - Unicorn Hotel
Rostrevor (Co. Down) Great Northern Hotel
Rumbling Bridge - Rumbling Bridge Hotel

St. Andrews - Atholl Hotel
St. Anne's-on-Sea Grand Hotel
St. Ives - - - Tregenna Castle Hotel
St. Leonards-on-Sea Alexandra Hotel
St. Leonards-on-Sea Eversfield Hotel
St. Neots - - Bridge Hotel
Do. - - New Inn Hotel
Salisbury - - Angel Hotel
Do. - - Old George Hotel
Do. - - The White Hart Hotel
Sandown, I.W. - Royal Cliff Hotel
Scarborough - Manor Private Hotel
Do. - Pavilion Hotel
Seaton - - - Royal Clarence Hotel
Sevenoaks - - Heathfield Private Hotel
Do. - - "Top o' the Hill"
Shaldon (S. Devon) Dunmore Hotel
Shanklin - - Channel View Hotel
Sheffield - - Albany Hotel
Do. - - Angel Hotel
Do. - - Grand Hotel
Sidmouth - - Belmont Hotel
Do. - - Fortfield Hotel
Do. - - Torbay View Hotel
Do. - - Victoria Hotel
Southbourne, Bournemouth Grange Hotel
Do. - "Aberdalgie"
Southport - - Prince of Wales Hotel
Do. - - Parry's Waverley Hotel
Southsea - - Gladstone Hotel
Do. - - Royal Beach Hotel
Southwold - - The Swan Hotel
Staines - - - Pack Horse Hotel
Stranraer - - King's Arms Hotel
Stratford-on-Avon Arden Hotel
Stroud - - - The Bear Inn
Do. - - - Hillgrove Guest House, Woodchester, nr. Stroud
Sunbury-on-Thames Sunbury Lodge
Sunderland - - Palatine Hotel
Surbiton - - Oakenshaw, Oak Hill

Taunton - - Castle Hotel
Teignmouth - - Beach Hotel
Do. - - Undercliff Hotel, Shaldon
Templecombe - Templecombe House Hotel
Tewkesbury - - The Bell Hotel
Thurlestone (S. Devon) Rock House Private Hotel
Do. - - Thurlestone Hotel
Tintern - - Beaufort Arms Hotel
Torquay - - Allerdale Hotel
Do. - - Babbacombe Cliff Hotel, Babbacombe
Do. - - Babbacombe Glen Hotel, Babbacombe
Do. - - Dartmeet Private Hotel, Belgrave Rd.
Do. - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Haldon Manor Hotel
Do. - - Hotel Hennapyn
Do. - - Links Htl, Babbacombe
Do. - - Livermead Cliff Hotel
Do. - - Osborne Hotel
Do. - - Palace Hotel
Do. - - Palm Court Hotel
Do. - - Roslin Hall Hotel
Do. - - The Sandringham Private Hotel
Do. - - The Torquay Hydro-hotel, Daddyhole Plain
Do. - - Victoria & Albert Hotel
Do. - - White House Hotel
Troon - - - Marine Hotel
Tunbridge Wells - Earl's Court Hotel
Do. - Royal Mount Ephraim Hotel

Ullapool - - Royal Hotel
Uxbridge - - Brookfield Hotel

Ventnor - - Rocklands Private Hotel, St. Lawrence
Do. - - Royal Hotel
Do. - - Royal Marine Hotel
Do. - - Belmont Private Hotel

Waltham Cross - Theobalds Park Hotel
Warwick - - Lord Leycester Hotel
Wellington, Som. Shapland's Hotel
Westcliff-on-Sea - Westcliff Hotel
West Hartlepool - Birks Station Hotel
Weston-s.-Mare - Cairo Private Hotel, Ltd.
Do. - - Crosby Hall Hotel
Do. - - Royal Pier Hotel
Do. - - Royal Hotel
Whitby, Yorks - Kirby's Hotel
Whitley Bay - Waverley Hotel
Winchester - - Talbot Hotel
Windermere - - Belsfield Hotel
Do. - - Low Wood Hotel
Windsor - - The Old House Hotel
Woolacombe - Whin Bay Hotel
Do. - Woolacombe Bay Hotel
Worthing - - Steyne Hotel

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